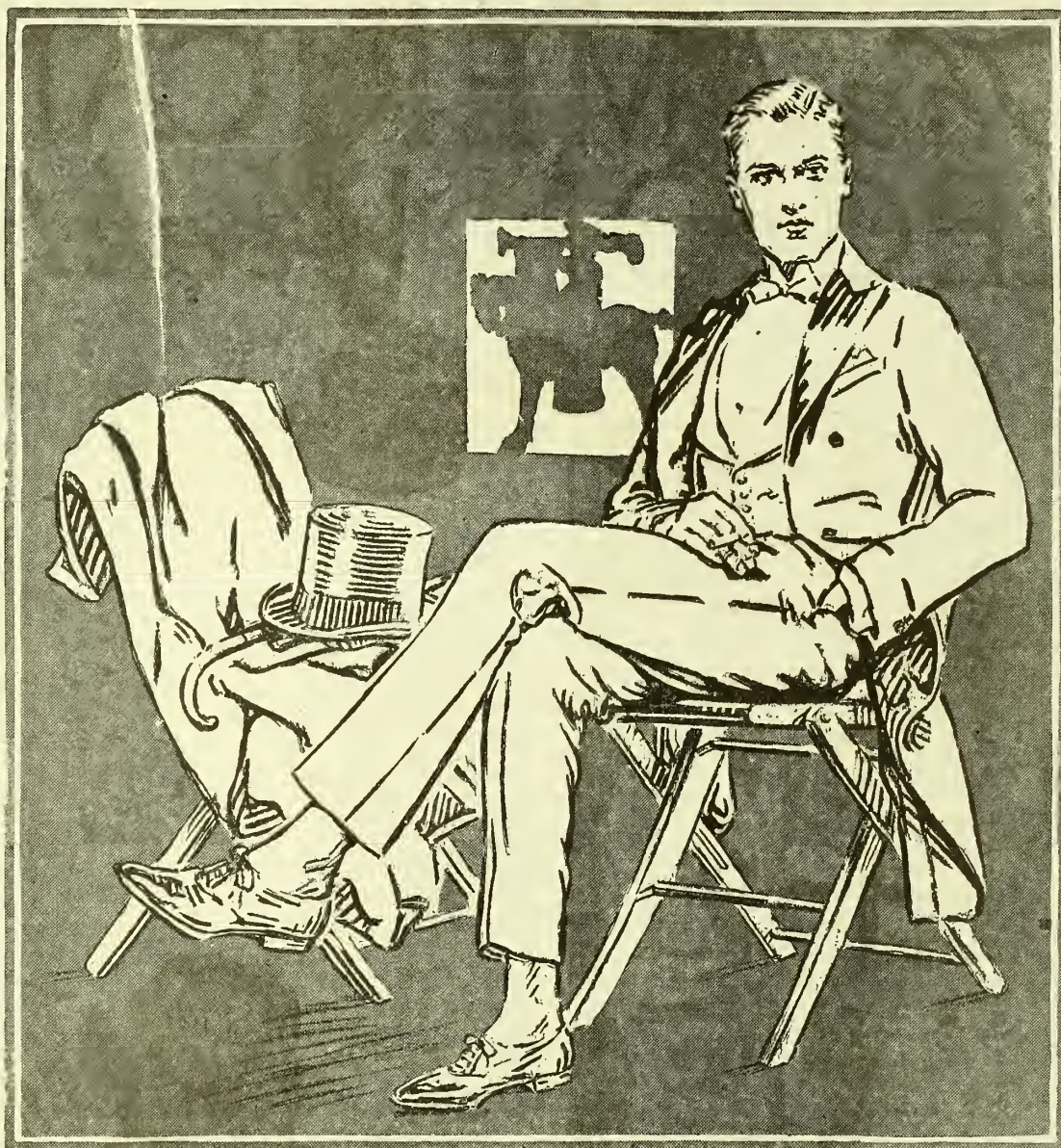


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## Merry Christmas

My Fellow Legionnaires :

**T**HIS season of Christmas is ours to rejoice and be glad. A celebration of the greatest event in the world's history—the birth of the Saviour of Man. He was strong, clean and manly, and went about doing good—a friend to all men.

Following His example, you and I must be the friend and helper of our fellows. While we hang up our stockings and gather merrily around our cheerful Christmas trees, let us pause for a time to remember our comrades who are suffering and those who laid their burdens down.

Praise the Lord for His goodness. By our good works we may glorify His name upon the earth. He is our King of Glory. Through Him the peace and good will you fought for will come to all men.

The old wish, a merry, merry Christmas, to you from my heart.

ALVIN OWSLEY,  
National Commander.

# What the German Is Thinking

## The Kaiser Is Definitely Kaput, But the "Deutschland Ueber Alles" Spirit Still Smoulders

By George F. Kearney

Illustration by De Alton Valentine

**W**HEN in Germany the American traveler soon decides to shave himself. To entrust one's self to a German barber these days is hard on the nerves. Outwardly Herr Barber is polite; when you enter his shop he clicks his heels together in the approved way, but as he leans over you, razor in hand—what a look!

The mortality figures of Americans in German barber chairs are probably very low, but if looks were bullets the undertakers of Germany would be a happy and prosperous lot. As Herr Barber scrapes your face you need not be a mind reader to sense that he is thinking of the elaborate barber shop he had dreamed of establishing in the Champs Elysées when the Kaiser got to Paris, and you are all too painfully aware that he is somehow blaming you for the frustration of his plan.

A barber shop the world over is an excellent place to gauge public opinion. The barber chair is the throne from which the common man directs the world's destinies—or at least it is where he announces his theories as to how all things ought to be run. A German barber shop is no exception to the rule. In point of fact, almost all German barber shop conversations are political for the German still feels himself highly qualified to run the world.

And it is not long before Herr Barber has drawn you into a political discussion—not so much to get your viewpoint as to present his. With all the rest of his countrymen, he is quite sure that the German viewpoint needs a great deal of explaining, and it seems that every German considers it his patriotic duty to do his share.

Here, indeed, is an interesting insight into the working of the German national mind. The German is still goose-stepping, and this time to the sharp command of the strong group of financiers, headed by Hugo Stinnes, who have bought up all the surviving newspapers in Germany. At the command of this controlled press propaganda has become a national pastime with every foreigner its victim. Hence everything that a German tells you these days is according to formula, for the pattern of his propaganda comes from the same source. What you hear in one barber shop, then, you will hear all over Germany.

Their viewpoint on present-day con-

ditions can be briefly summarized. They are willing to admit that they lost the war—"but we had the whole world against us," the German will add.

"It was America's entrance into the war," he will say heatedly, "that complicated matters. We were ready, back in 1917, to make reasonable terms of peace."

If you venture to mention the submarine campaign, the treatment of

historians are prolific. Every bookshop is filled with books, pamphlets and leaflets decrying the peace settlement, and there are thousands of purchasers of this sort of literature. Certainly if the German has forgotten his war itself he had carefully memorized every paragraph of the treaty that concluded it.

The fundamental position taken by the German, in discussing the peace terms, is that the treaty does not agree with the terms of the Armistice as laid down in the fourteen points. The Armistice is popularly known as the Betrayal, for they will tell you that they would have never agreed to an Armistice if they had been able to foresee the terms of the Versailles treaty.

Feeling as they do about the treaty gives them plenty of justification, in their own minds, for the present-day German attitude toward reparation payments.

"We don't owe this money," one German stormed at me. "What we are paying is at the point of a pistol leveled at us by the presence of the armies of occupation."

These assertions fill in the background for our picture of the astounding condition of German finances today. There are probably few financial thinkers in the world who can adequately explain the downward rush in the value of the German mark. If they can, then they are working under the direction of Hugo Stinnes, the dark, sinister figure whose power over Germany today is greater than ever a Hohenzollern dared to dream.

To the Stinnes group the present German government is putty. To the outside world the official German government totters on the verge of bankruptcy, and facts and figures seem to bear this out. In order to satisfy the ever-increasing demands for currency made by the hectic business boom in Germany the Government has set the printing presses working night and day for the issuance of paper marks. With each new flood of paper marks their value falls, while prices and wages try to struggle up to meet the new level.

At the same time the fall in the value of the mark makes Germany a pathetic figure, rapidly declining into bankruptcy, before the eyes of the world. When the foreigner reads in his newspaper that the mark has fallen to 2,000 to the dollar he sighs at the sad plight of Germany. There is no doubt that

**“W**ITH the stabilizing of Russian life there is no doubt that Germany will do everything she can to develop her alliance with Russia. Both these countries are harboring grudges against the world in general and France in particular. Germany feels that she is so completely disarmed that she has no chance in starting a new war, but she is looking enviously at the military equipment lying around loose in Soviet Russia. Russia knows her great strength in natural and military resources, but she casts envious eyes on the well-trained German generals. Thus any traveler in Germany feels that the future grows darker and darker for both Germany and Europe.”

women and children in occupied territory, the sudden adoption of gas warfare, Herr Barber looks deeply pained and tries to divert your attention by declaring stolidly, "Ah, yes, we Germans were misguided. The Kaiser—ah, what a man! We are glad he is gone."

Thus, with a gesture toward Holland, the German seems to absolve himself completely, in his own mind, of any responsibility for war guilt. Moreover, he is training himself to forget the war. All over Germany one searches in vain for a history of the late war from the German point of view. Many such were started in the halcyon days of 1916, but there seems to have been no German historian with the intellectual courage to finish the story. Even if one had, it is doubtful whether the history would find enough German readers to make its publication practical.

Yet on the terms of the Treaty of Versailles the German is voluble and



Germany needs the sighs of the world, but the traveler through Germany soon realizes that the bankruptcy of Germany is a paper one.

One readily cultivates the suspicion, while traveling through Germany, that somewhere behind the scenes some shrewd manipulation of the finances of the country is being accomplished which enables Germany to appear bankrupt before the world and yet actually to keep her resources intact.

German life is like a pot, always ready to boil over. This constant change in the value of the mark keeps things seething and everyone restless. Thus the German is the prey of new movements and weird ideas, while the monarchists and communists are active in still further bewildering his outlook on life.

Over here in America the returned traveler is asked frequently, "Does Germany want the Kaiser back again?" The answer is an emphatic no, although Germany is by no means through with the monarchistic idea. One still sees pictures of the ex-Kaiser hanging about, for naturally there will always be a following for any lost cause. Yet the old Junker type—many of them are still influential—still hopes for the return of Wilhelm. Perhaps a quarter of the German people would vote royalist, but there would be only a scant proportion who would vote for the return of the exile of Doorn.

"No, we found out what sort of a character Wilhelm was," explained a staunch royalist to the writer, "and we could never be successful in any effort to bring either Wilhelm or the crown prince back again. You see, they both ran away when the fire was directed toward them. They proved themselves poor soldiers, unworthy of their positions and honors, and we feel that we are well rid of them."

Hence the royalists in Germany are without a king to return to the throne in Germany. In Bavaria there is a

strong movement to bring about the return of the Wittelsbach family to their Bavarian principality, but Germany as a whole would never consent to be ruled by a Bavarian king.

One hears vaguely of a movement to return the oldest son of the ex-crown prince to the throne. Then, again, the royalists talk of making an emperor out of Von Hindenburg, who is very popular in Germany, but the unpopularity of his son tempers their enthusiasm.

Thus the royalists are a bit vague in their choice of a king, but less vague in their methods for creating more confusion. There is a strong murder group forming the nucleus of the royalist

movement who, taking a page from the experience of the Fascisti, are terrorizing men whose support would go a long way toward stabilizing the present Government. It was this murder group that killed Dr. Walter Rathenau last summer, and their activities are embarrassing many men who are endeavoring now to lead the German people out of their maze of ideas.

Pitted against the royalists, and even more troublesome, are the communists. There is a rapidly growing feeling in Germany that her future lies in a strong alliance with Russia. However, the German people are weary of revolutions—they have had their fill of them in 1918 and since—and any suggestion of violence falls on deaf ears.

But with the stabilizing of Russian life there is no doubt that Germany will do everything she can to develop her alliance with Russia. Both these countries are harboring grudges against the world in general and France in particular. Germany feels that she is so completely disarmed that she has no chance in starting a new war, but she is looking enviously at the military equipment lying around loose in Soviet Russia. Russia knows her great strength in natural and military resources, but she

casts envious eyes on the well-trained German generals, despite their war records which were, perhaps, after all, much better than those of the average run of Russian generals.

Thus any traveler in Germany feels that the future grows darker and darker for both Germany and Europe. There is no doubt that the German people have learned little from their war experiences, and that it would require only a spark to set them off in another wild rush down through Europe behind Russian guns. It is a dismal prospect, and it is a terrible one, for it would mean, in the final analysis, the utter destruction of European civilization.



"It would require only a spark to set them off in another wild rush down through Europe behind Russian guns"



# Is the Uniform Out of Style?

## The Pre-War Prejudice Against O. D. and Blue Is One Casualty No One Regrets

By H. W. Caygill

"Watcha doin' in them rags? Ain't the war over?"

Those gibes and the public attitude they typify are the old familiar post-war notices to the Army that it may consider itself shelved. A sentimental regard on Memorial Days, a sudden interest when emergencies arise—that is all that can be expected by the men in the uniform that was cheered and respected such a short time ago. The uniform has become "rags" with the last note which Kipling heard years ago playing the British regular on and off with

"O, it's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, go away;  
But it's 'Thank you, Mister Atkins,' when the band begins to play."

**S**O runs a recent newspaper article called "Army Clothes Are Quickest Out of Fashion." And such is the prevailing opinion of many officers and not a few enlisted men as to the attitude they believe the American people bear toward the present personnel of the Regular Army.

Is the uniform unpopular?

Nearly half the mobile army in the United States changed station a few months ago by marching. Never before in times of peace have the different sections of the country seen the Regular forces at such close and intimate range. Some regiments traversed counties which, even in the days of the World War, when four million men wore olive drab, had never seen American Regular soldiers except as scattered individuals.

It is to be doubted whether any service man who had the good fortune to make one of the hikes last September and October could be brought now to believe that any widespread disrespect is being shown the uniform in this country, that the soldier is looked at askance, or that he can no longer expect to "gain admission to the family hearthstone," as the above-quoted article complains.

A recent number of the *Army Recruiting News* contained an article, "Hitting the Trail with the Eleventh," one paragraph of which said: "Successful communities vied with one another in making things pleasant for the Eleventh. Country clubs, bathing pools, parks, moving picture houses,

and—what was nearer to the heart than anything else—homes were open to the soldiers who were marching through from South Carolina."

No great evidence of hostility or unpopularity here. And this a region where feeling has been prevalent in army circles that the Regulars are not appreciated.

Further, the same article states: "The most prized papers in the archives of the Eleventh Infantry are kept on two files—one consisting of telegrams from mayors, selectmen, and community heads along the line of march requesting that if possible the regiment so arrange its schedule as to stop in their particular town; the other, letters and telegrams from similar sources voicing the appreciation of the exceptional conduct and bearing of the men while encamped in their community."

The contents of the latter file are no source of surprise to the officer who knows the make-up of the Regular Army soldier. The communications on the first file, however, come as a somewhat pleasing shock to the army man who feels that his uniform is considered a rag.

Take another example. A battalion of the Thirty-fourth Infantry marched through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey to Fort Hamilton on the Narrows. At West Grove, Pennsylvania, within ten minutes of the unannounced arrival of the troops the local Masonic lodge had arranged a special motion picture show for the outfit that entailed a hurried trip to Philadelphia for the films. Oxford, in the same State, greeted the organization en masse at the early hour of seven a. m. Every house was flying the flag and the curbstones were lined with people. This was three years after the last gun had been fired in the World War.

In a pouring rain the battalion drew into Bala, a suburb of Philadelphia. The camp site had been found only fifteen minutes before the arrival of the

column. Within half an hour after the rain-soaked pup-tents had been pitched the people had invited every soldier to a concert arranged solely for their benefit and invitations for social affairs had been forwarded to the officers covering every minute of their stay in Bala.

Saturdays and Sundays found the camp crowded with interested and hospitable visitors who gave rapt attention as the soldiers related that the G. I. cans were set out at night to catch dewdrops for use as drinking water and other such hike yarns.

Certain it is that the manifest friendliness of the people through whose communities the troops moved last year was a revelation. True, the paths of the soldiers were not strewn with roses, nor were the men gorged to suffocation by endless banquets. But considering that soldiering was with them nothing but a business they probably drew a far greater degree of sympathetic attention than would a similar hike of locomotive drivers, college professors, or bakers.

More so in the case of officers than soldiers are to be found service men who fail to realize that however exalted their ideals of the service, soldiering in peace times is their business. Furthermore, if the idea of personal sacrifice and danger is brought into consideration there are other occupations which in peace times impose more hardship and discomfort, if not hazard, than does soldiering—that of the coal miner, the fire fighter, the deep-sea fisherman or the Northwest lumberman, as instances.

Many officers are prone to confuse small-army legislation with army unpopularity. In advocating the reduction of the regular forces to 115,000 Senator Hitchcock in a speech in Congress gave what many have declared the finest example of appreciation of the Army's work, its faithfulness and integrity, ever uttered in the halls of the Capitol. Many of the national legislators who were most urgent in their

insistence that the permanent establishment be severely cut in strength were equally emphatic in their expressed opinions that the Army remaining should be  
(Cont'd on page 26)



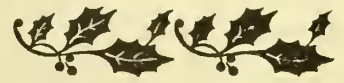
DO YOUR NEW  
YEAR'S SHOP-  
PING EARLY!

A Legion Member-  
ship Card Is the Best  
Present a Man Can  
Give to Himself





# Christmas Eve



By Steuart M. Emery

IT'S Christmas Eve and there's snow outside  
So the fire is blazing bright,  
And I've a pipe that is true and tried  
And the world seems quite all right,  
Home, a hearth and a log's gay glow,  
What more could you ask or name,  
While dreams and thoughts of the long ago  
Are flocking into the flame?

MY mind goes back as the soft sparks leap,  
Still seeking the old romance,  
Back to an eve when the drifts lay deep,  
White-mantling the hills of France.  
That was the eve of a Christmas peace,  
The guerre and the trenches past;  
A land rose clean in its new release  
And the trail led West at last.

I HEAR the lilting of ancient song  
As the kilos wind away,  
"Hinky Dinky" and "Madelon"  
Roared out to the column's sway.  
The smoke-black kitchens a-rolling wild  
And the fourgons creaking slow;  
Night—and a village's roofs, red-tiled,  
Its windows warm on the snow.

NIGHT—and the bells of the village spire  
Are ringing the Noël in,  
Rhythmical, reveling, higher and higher,  
Calling their carillon kin.  
Village to village across the plain  
Their tidings ride on the air  
To sing of peace in the old refrain  
To the good folk massed in the square.

AND there, where the billet fire roars  
In barracks and barn, are we,  
Telling p'tite Renée of Santa Claus,  
Little Emile at our knee.  
Sergeant and corporal, cook and buck,  
A smiling adventure crew  
Singing the Christmas dawn in for luck  
The way that we used to do.

YES, that was an eve some four years back  
Three thousand miles from home;  
These times the millions who knew that track  
Are scattered from Bath to Nome.  
Though few you see of the old gang now  
Their memories still can stir—  
Wherever they are to-night: Here's how!  
In the name of the days that were.

## The Memoirs of a Conscientious Shavetail

Being the Story of a Man and an Outfit Who Admit They Had Help in Winning the War

### I. THE POCAHONTAS

WE were all up on deck early, eager to reassure ourselves about that dim land of the night before. The brightest of days (a promise France did not keep, by the way), the sea the deepest of blues, the sky the lightest, and land with the white villas of gay little La Boule glistening along the near shore—all these greeted us. Our two weeks aboard the *Pocahontas*, née *Prinzessin Irene*, became suddenly very commonplace, and the blackness of those many breathless nights at sea after we'd lost our escort something not even worth a memory.

The very night before we had lain motionless somewhere back there with lights for the first time since we started and with no one to pipe us down—or club us if we unconsciously lit a cigarette. It seemed now that we had really been in danger then—over a supposed U-boat base—and even Dixon, who had removed his clothes for the first time aboard, couldn't help but grin over that. The rest of us were loud in our chatter about never having had a twinge—an awful lie on my part, for I had suffered the agonies of the damned in that crow's nest, and in both climbing and descending.

The old colonel—who had changed his profession from preacher to soldier years ago—had been as inoffensive as he looked all the way over. The night one of the turbines went to pieces from the loving touch of the last ungentle-

manly Boche aboard he had said something dismal, that's all. Now he suddenly became very important and ordered some particularly offensive inspections to add to the already long list conceived before we ever started.

It meant the day below decks. We damned him and did them, he did them and damned us, and while we were still down in the vitals of this German lady *Irene*—now Indian maiden *Pocahontas*—we moved in off the basin of the port of St. Nazaire and halted (or whatever a ship does) waiting for guidance.

Our trip as far as being a part of a convoy was concerned had been irregular, due to our traitorous turbine, but all our sister ships were present now, and one by one they were all conducted in. We alternately cheered them and cursed them as they went by, little water bugs of French tugs puffing and racing around them. Someone remembered us finally about dusk and we crept slowly through the basin entrance, crowds of French civilians, soldiers and some of our Q. M. troops on each side to welcome us. Our band played the "Marseillaise," we cheered, they hip-hip-ed and the young St. Nazairians squealed for sous and got dimes.

At last, lashed alongside the "Rolling Billy," which had transported our sister regiment, we proceeded to plan our first evening ashore—the little tables at the bright cafés down the street looked alluring. But no—officers' call, many times repeated, and the curt

information that there would be no shore leave that night for anyone. At great risk to our second lieutenants, three or four of us modified that a little later, but the fact remains that most of the regiment stayed aboard ship that night, and with quivering pencils wrote their last shipboard letters, vaguely informing anxious families that they were now hard into the Great Adventure.

NEXT morning one of the proudest old regiments of our Regular Army marched down the principal street of St. Nazaire toward American Camp Number One, band playing, colors challenging the world, formations proper enough—but with the sorriest looking troops in the world. One couldn't help but feel that the good French folk, waving and cheering as we shambled along, must have had some doubts in their minds about the abilities of these heralded "saviors of the world."

My platoon, typical of them all, was an awful appearing troop of ragamuffins—little dark Italians in uniforms much too large and showing the signs of two weeks of constant wear, sleep and slum in a weaving shiphold. Their packs were larger than the men themselves and their rifles loomed above them, grotesquely long for such small, dismal-eyed urchins. Seven of this sixty spoke English and accordingly were N. C. O.'s. Having no other qualifications, they were no aid to our martial appearance. Personally, I had



trouble braving the kindly stares of these good French people and hung my head, mentally at least, until we reached camp. But there, trudging between crowds of newly-arrived New Englanders, National Guardsmen, these feelings were expressed all about us in good American. They called on the heavens to explain where such a Coxey's army came from, and they writhed on the ground when someone explained, "Regulars."

It hurt. Little did we know then that these little Wops of ours were to develop into the equals if not the superiors of any American soldiers, and shame us into courage like their own

searching for quarters in the Adrian barracks. We had few real instructions but many long orders, principally relating to the windward side of G. I. cans, our colonel's pet offensive. By dark the company on guard had gathered up so many men who had celebrated the feel of land by tasting everything from innocent vin rouge up through many black bottles to eau de vie that the center of camp became a great outdoor guardhouse, noisy, sick and blasphemous, but full of men very happy to be in la belle France.

Stringent orders covered all our wanderings thereafter, drills became long and effective, the policing most thorough, with the G. I. cans still ranking in attention. It's remarkable how one thing can obsess a regimental commander. When we marched down to

## II. OUTREMECOURT

THE sentry on Number Three and I squodged along his post—the rain, in a thorough French way, disregarding our slickers and reaching clear through us. The west end of the main and only street of Outremecourt was our beat, and as officer of the guard and still a very conscientious subaltern, I was staying by him until he could exemplify his knowledge of his special orders. Even the loudest language failed to evoke any reply from him, though he had looked much abused. I was fairly sure that one of the Italian sergeants had given him some instructions, and I wanted proof. Our battalion commander was an exacting old file and I didn't intend to give him any more excuse for riding me—a favorite exercise

of his since we had disembarked three days before fresh from St. Nazaire but very stale from travel.

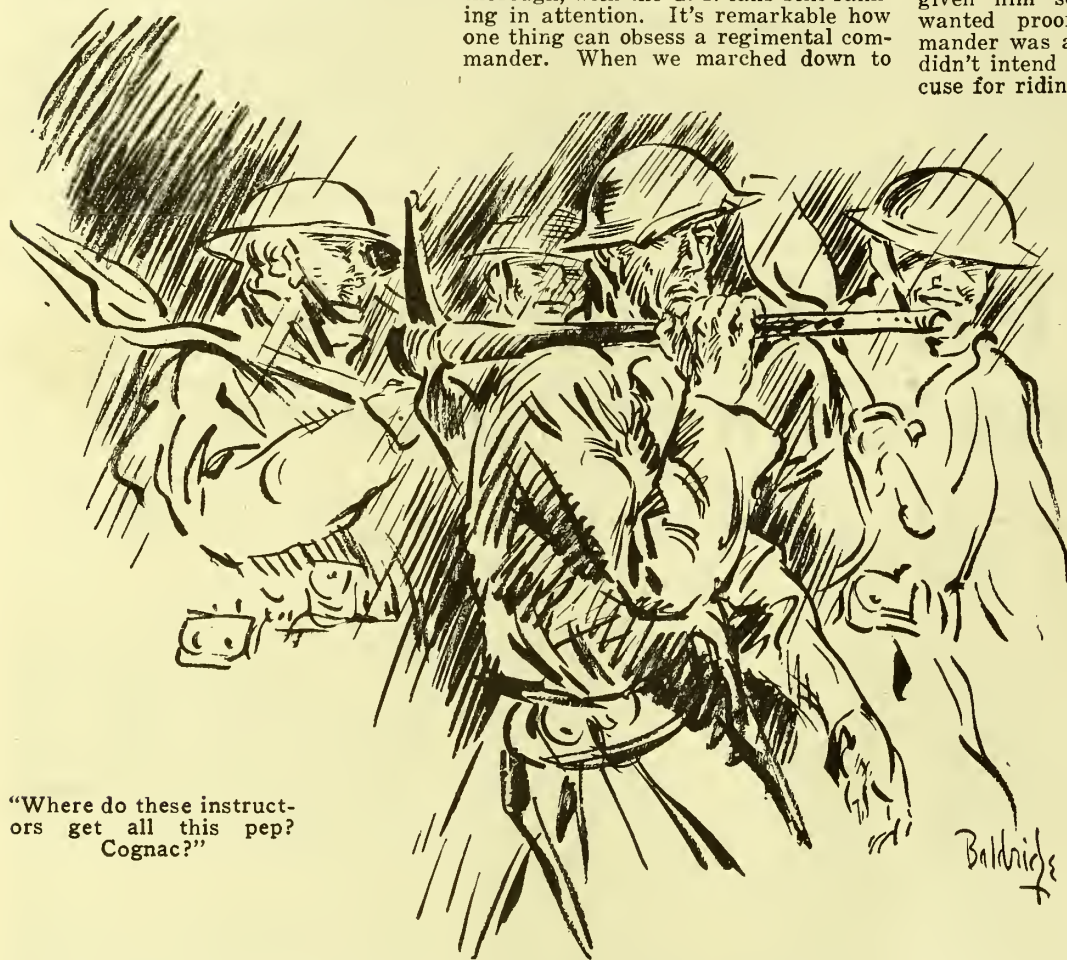
The Vosges has some strange villages, but the excuse for this one was hard to find. Some manure piles must have automatically sprung up, necessitating a church and some houses to guard them. Lying on the southern slope of a very proud barren hill, its poor little stone buildings formed sort of a bulwark against the waters which flowed constantly down and would have washed away these sacred mounds, black and strong with age as they were. Here, so far as we knew, our battalion was to spend the winter, training in the arts of la guerre Française, and murder was welling up in our hearts at the prospect.

All the officers of rank were Regulars and the shavetails the flower-top men in the provisionals—

from the two Plattsburgs. As we sat every evening in the low, squalid kitchen which served as company headquarters, company mess and the captain's billet, the flies which deserted the sacred dumps of the village at night blackened our mess gear, our hopes and our ambitions simultaneously.

The outdoors, no matter how wet, was better. Number Three and I, after an hour's silent communion which ended in the coming of the relief, called it a day. There was no vin rouge for sale and consequently no roamers from discipline. I negotiated the wall of Monsieur le Maréchal's yard and with the help of the villainously large pile which his business had brought him gained my window and my room.

Madame Blacksmith's tiny candle end was soon extinguished, the fat little bed with its huge red comforter was damp and smelled queerly, but it was warmer than the room. The kindly



"Where do these instructors get all this pep? Cognac?"

when ours had left us. The "Foreign Legion," our brigade was termed that day—but to these lads as real Americans and as inspired fighting men all America was to do grateful and astonished homage at Château-Thierry, Soissons, St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont and the Argonne—to say nothing of the first real American victory of the war at Verdun, a tiny one perhaps, but the first, when a few platoons, their first turn in the line, barraged and bewildered by English-speaking Germans in pitch darkness, not only routed but destroyed a picked German storm battalion. These men from the East Side of New York, with but a few months of America behind them, had been eager as volunteers to fight their new country's battles—better Americans, had we known it, than most of us who bragged about it.

We braved the good natured jeers some way and soon were strewn out

our trains a week later we really resembled some sort of an armed force. The uniforms, soon to degenerate again in the 40 hommes-8 cheveux, were clean. The G. I. cans had become holy things in the Latin minds of my platoon. The second lieutenant who commanded them had been five minutes late to a special session of officers' call on that very subject, was in arrest as a result, and seeing very red whenever the things were mentioned.

Many little French box cars received us, many little bells rang and many little whistles blew, and though we knew it not, we were off to do as our first tour of duty the dirty work for the A. E. F.—for we had been seen, appraised and duly tagged as fit only for "work troops".

Little did the inspector know when he made his recommendations that these grubby little soldiers were to make all America proud.





The "Foreign Legion" our brigade was termed that day

lady retired so early that the bed warmer was no longer hot, but while the warmer and I fought it out with the damp straw, I pondered over many things. The village padre had asked me many questions that day. Poor devil, he must have committed some ghastly crime to get such a parish—a kindly, sweet-faced old priest who spoke excellent English. Ten soldiers were billeted in his garret, and while they all solemnly assured him that they were Americans, they spoke no English, nor had they any but the vaguest of ideas about the country they seemed so enthusiastic to fight for.

"Am I wrong," he asked, "or do you not all speak English in your United States? And how and why do these little men claim such undying love for a country they know so little of?"

I could but shrug my shoulders with him and grin back at his bewildered grimaces over these "strange American peoples". But it gave me and all our other officers something to wonder at—and we all, I think, decided within ourselves that we must be poor in patriotism indeed, considering the love and homage that these dogged, unencouraged, ununderstanding but persistent little beggars were giving to their newly adopted land.

### III. LANGRES

THE drill ground at Turenne Barracks was alive with action, even though it was scarcely daylight. The misty December morning was hardly well enough along to give more than the outlines of the

great gray buildings enclosing the long rectangular parade. A dozen platoons clicked their way about, changing form and direction with the sharp barks of command from twelve very serious young instructors—second lieutenants of infantry plucked out of the mud of Gondrecourt and christened unexpectedly Army School instructors.

The Army Candidates School shared the Caserne Turenne with a battalion of Regular Infantry from a proud old outfit with a history as long as the nation's. The men were being used as work troops to Americanize Langres for the Army Schools. Here and there around the rectangle stood a disconsolate group of these infantrymen—little dark Italians most of them—watching the bizarre movements of the school platoons, the chosen men of the A. E. F. Two lieutenants, old regular N. C. O.'s, looked disgustedly on. The third platoon of the first company, A. C. S., came to an abrupt halt before them, laid down their rifles and trotted briskly to form a circle about the platoon leader.

"My God," said one of the old-timers.

"Listen," warned the other, "get this Gondrecourt stuff."

The platoon commander wasted no time. "You're rotten," he announced. "You men were picked out of the line as leaders and sent down here tagged the flower of the service. You know most of this stuff better than I do—just because some of you were in the Army when I was born don't get you anywhere here. You've got to perform.

Forget your old cadence, forget your old I. D. R., quit standing fast when you hear a new command, concentrate what little mind you've got on just one thing—your ambition to train one infantry platoon, take it over the top and raise hell with whatever section of Germany you happen to hit."

He raised his voice to a bellow, clapped his hands.

"Form on those pieces!"

Fifty-eight men dashed back into formation. "Pick 'em up. Stand at attention, there, damn it, always at attention. Rest. One more thing. Remember this is the best platoon in the American Army. Never forget it. Believe it hard enough and you will be. Port, arms—squads right, march—one, two, three—oh, damn it, get those heads up! One, two three, four."

"My God," said the first old N. C. O., pushing back his little square fatigue cap (the A. E. F.'s first design) and mopping his brow.

"Ain't it hell?" sympathized the other. "There are twelve-year men in that bunch eating that stuff like candy—I tell you the Army's going to hell."

"Going?" said the first man, his teeth clenched on Durham strings. "Gone, I'll tell the world."

Platoons swing by in the fast new cadence, platoon leaders dancing around them, begging, urging, cursing for improvement. Halts at obliques, backing from full step ahead, side-stepping with pieces at the port, strung out in uncompleted front-into-line movements, reversing, twos-right-abouting.

(Continued on page 28)



# EDITORIAL



## The New Intolerance

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—*Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

**I**N TOLERANCE begets intolerance, hate begets hate; a menace, real or imagined, produces a foul flock of foster children. Just now the newspaper headlines are chronicling the birth of a family of movements designed to destroy the Ku Klux Klan. If a tendency thus manifested continues, the United States may be confronted with a multiple autocracy of classes instead of the very much simpler problem of repressing those activities of a single mysterious society which may be unlawful.

It should be evident to anyone that representative government is not going to abdicate because a mysterious society chooses to issue manifestoes designed to regulate the lives of certain of their fellow men whose race or religion they dislike. Every American community has its duly empowered authorities whose duty it is to insure peace and protection to the residents of that community. Officers of the law have taken oaths to protect the rights of all citizens. It is the inescapable duty of these officers to protect the individual against mob trial and mob violence. Offenders against the law, under our code of justice, must be prosecuted by due processes established under the statutes of the State and the nation. An accused man must have every opportunity in open court to prove his innocence, if he can. The American public will never tolerate the transfer of the functions of the police and the courts to the hands of members of any secret organization.

The Ku Klux Klan has been accused of many unlawful acts in different parts of the country. Wherever unlawful acts have occurred, it is the duty of the constituted authorities to apprehend those who have committed them and bring them to trial. It is the duty of the police power, furthermore, to go to any lengths necessary to afford protection to the individual—to give battle, if necessary, to rescue from abductors the man who is being maltreated before a midnight tribunal. In such a case it is as much the duty of a sheriff and his deputies to effect a rescue and apprehend those guilty of the crime of violence against person as it would be to save a night watchman bound and gagged by safe-blowers.

This is not intended as a sweeping condemnation of the Ku Klux Klan. The Ku Klux Klan in itself is not unlawful. Any person may legally enroll himself as a member of that organization. He may clothe himself in a sheet, hide his features within a hood and participate in rites beside a fiery cross on a mountain top if he wishes. He may also join with other Klansmen in issuing proclamations airing his views on anything, subject, of course, to the laws of slander and libel and general indecency. There is no more reason why a man should not be a member of the Klan, if he

wishes, than he should not be an Elk, a Mason, or a member of B'nai B'rith. So long as he does not become a party to an unlawful act, his membership in the Klan is wholly within his rights. If, as a member of the Klan, he participates in an act of force or violence and thus violates the law, he is an offender whom the police are bound to arrest, the courts to try.

If a situation should exist in which local authorities find themselves powerless in the face of oppressions by a secret society which has usurped their functions, it is plainly the duty of higher authorities to restore government in the community affected. But one usurpation of power does not excuse another. If one group has unlawfully seized police powers, no other group of private citizens can on its own initiative right matters by also assuming police powers. Government must re-establish itself. The State must come to the aid of the county or municipality. Better martial law than mob law.

The Ku Klux Klan everywhere must be judged by its acts, not by the opinions which persons opposed to it have of it. The problem is simply one of law and order—a problem to be handled by the executors of the law. But at this moment, clearly-defined groups with religious and racial identifications are adding fresh difficulties to the puzzling task of maintaining law and order by making public announcements calculated to accentuate and aggravate existing prejudices. The vast majority of Americans are tolerant and insistent that no man shall suffer because of his race or religion. But public statements expressive of religious and racial consciousness have a disagreeable reaction among those who like to think of this as a country as inhabited not by Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Elks, Masons and Ku-Klux Klansmen, but only by Americans. The greatest harm occasioned by some activities of the Klan has been the arousal of class consciousness, racial and religious. Equally great harm will result if the class consciousness thus stirred up is fostered by a mistaken pugnacity by organized races or creeds. The issue must be faced openly. It may only be met on the common ground of united Americanism by preservation of the principles of law and order.

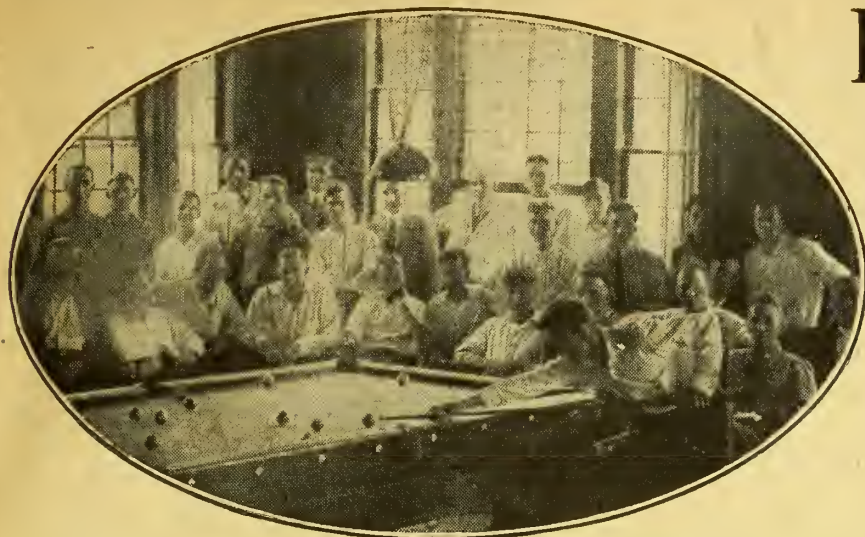
## Carry Your Own

**T**HE frequently circulated report that Christmas comes but once a year is, unfortunately, only too true. The moral is, make the most of it when it does come. "Getting and spending," said Wordsworth, "we lay waste our powers." Christmas is the one day when even the most selfish among us is expected to try to recuperate. One unselfish day in three hundred and sixty-five does not, to be sure, represent an extra-legal percentage of alcoholic content of generosity, but it is better than nothing.

Few individuals have the opportunity for unstinted generosity that falls to the lot of the Legionnaire. Christmas is above all things a day to spend at home, and on Christmas the Legionnaire's heart must go out to the thousands of his buddies who cannot spend the day at home. More important, his feet will go out—in the direction of the nearest hospital that happens to be sheltering the man who gave his health for his country.

It is easy to give money if you are certain to have some left, simple to bestow gifts when you are reasonably certain to profit in kind, thanks to another's generosity. Time, especially on Christmas Day, is far more precious. Try this plan this Christmas: Get a millionaire to send a grand piano, an ice chest and a motor truck to a veterans' hospital. Then go to the hospital yourself carrying a deck of cigarettes and a box of Auxiliary fudge. See which gift is more thoroughly appreciated.





# Pool Tables and Easy Chairs

By Franklin Stetson Clark



Disabled men watch a pool tournament played on a table the Legion gave

## Other People Near Mont Alto Hospital Lost Interest in the Disabled Veterans' Comfort—but Not the Legion

**J**UST a little out of our territory," said the editor of the weekly paper in Chambersburg, when I asked him what he knew of the Pennsylvania State Veterans' Tubercular Hospital at Mont Alto. He spoke pleasantly, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, and he was kind enough to give me careful directions for reaching the hospital.

Chambersburg is ten or fifteen miles away from Mont Alto, and it is the nearest and most accessible town of any size. Chambersburg is where the veterans get their shoes mended, and it is where those who are well enough go now and then to see a movie and to get a breath of civilization. Yet the people at Chambersburg are not especially interested in the veterans at Mont Alto. The war is over.

As I walked away from the newspaper office revolving the editor's phrase in my mind, this thought came to me: "If Chambersburg isn't interested, what town is?" To be frank, I even speculated about the genuineness of the Legion's interest. I found my answer at the hospital itself. The Legion had said it with furniture. It had furnished the lounge and recreation rooms of the hospital—furnished them wonderfully well, as any of the two hundred patients would have testified. And that wasn't all, either—not by half.

Dr. Edmund C. Boddy, who is in active charge, was in conference when I arrived, and since I was interested in the lounge room, his secretary instructed a small, bright boy officiating as mes-



Furniture alone won't make a disabled buddy happy. Here's York (Pa.) Post band giving a concert to the boarders at Mont Alto

senger to conduct me to it. I walked between long rows of cots which, at the hour of half-past ten in the morning, with the exception of one here and there, were made up and vacant. Inside the dormitory men were lounging about talking with each other, resting, writing letters or reading.

I emerged from the dormitory into the lounge room. The men were using that room. Both pool tables at the right-hand side were doing business. In the farther left-hand corner of the room two games of bridge were in progress. Sprawled in comfortable attitudes in large, upholstered chairs, several men were reading. A game of checkers was going on. And one man, who must have been a shark, was knitting his

brows over some sort of a checker problem, all by himself.

I strolled over to a chair to see if I would find it as comfortable as it looked. It was. It was one of the kind you sink right into. I picked up a magazine and discovered that the reading lamp over my head had been arranged for real use. The room certainly had all the earmarks of having been furnished in a thoughtful, thorough-going manner. And I noticed that the magazine which I had picked up was not the eight-months' old variety you find on the table in the dentist's waiting room. It was actually up to date.

How many more pleasing discoveries I might have made if left to myself I

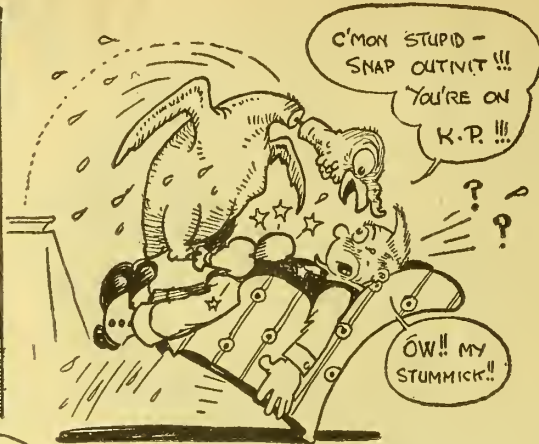
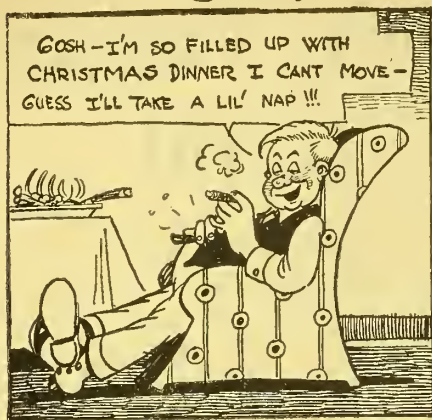
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# The Doughboy's Dream

By Wallgren



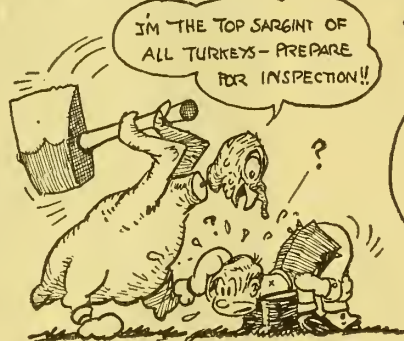
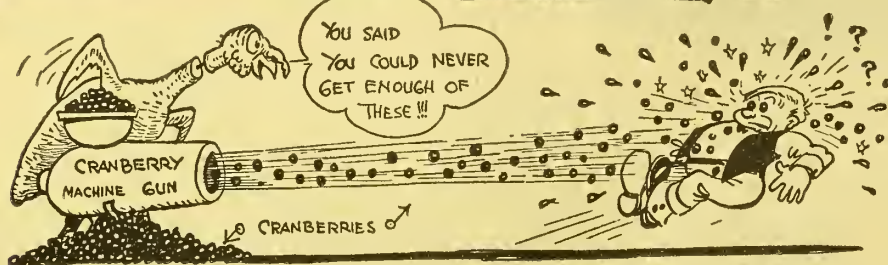
FALL IN THERE - YOU GREASE BALL !!!



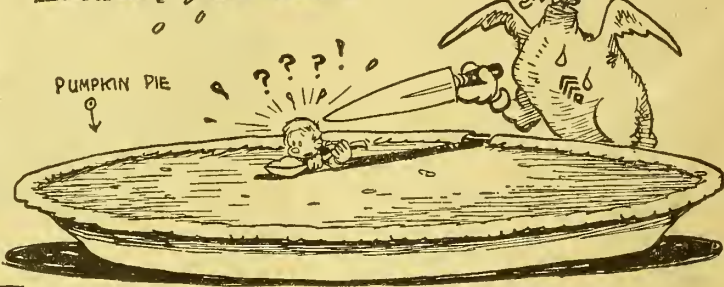
NICE THICK RICH GRAVY

PHFLUG

BLUB

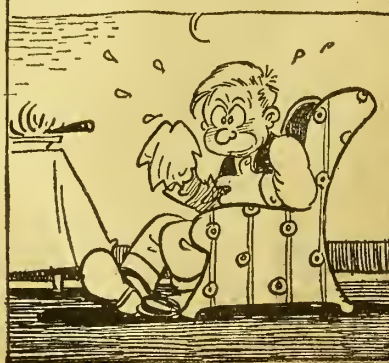


STEP LIVELY THERE !! EAT A TRENCH THRU THAT PIE, MY GOOD TRENCHER MAN !! DIDNT YOU SAY YOU COULD EAT A PUMPKIN PIE AS BIG AS A HOUSE !!? HUP !!!



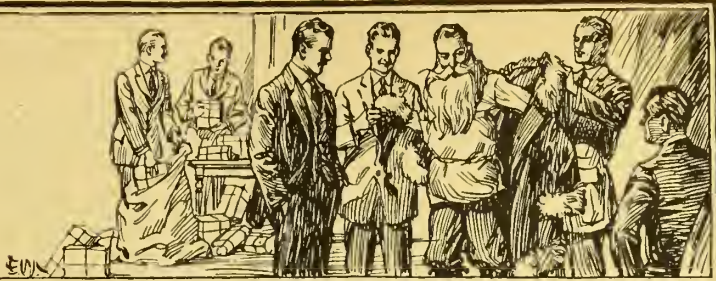
WOTTY YMEAN "HAVE A HEART?!!" I THINK I'LL TAKE A LEG !!!

WOOWIE !!! WHAT A NIGHTMARE !!! THANK HEVINGS CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR !!!





# Keeping Step With the Legion



## A Song of Sixpence

"OUR post," writes a very angry adjutant from Utah, "is suffering because the poor goofs who belong to it hold off paying their dues until the very last minute. We can't use their money until we get it, and we can't get it until they stop enjoying the privileges of membership. Can't you stop their Weekly right away and throw a scare into them?"

We cannot stop their subscriptions right away, says the Circulation Manager, but we can stop them eventually—and will if they don't pay. The C. M. tells us that a lot of fellows who think they ought to be getting their magazine up to along in the middle of May because that's when they paid their 1922 dues will be grievously disappointed. These chaps weren't paying from, say, May 15, 1922, to May 15, 1923; they were only paying up to the first of the new year. If the magazine goes on after that, it will only be for a comparatively short time, and they've got to be dropped sooner or later if they don't pay. When a fellow paid his dues on May 15th, he was partly paying, you see, back dues for the time between the first of that year and the day of payment. The C. M. wants that understood—wants everybody to know that the longer he waits after the first of the year, the shorter the time during which he can benefit from the payment of his dues for 1923.

## You Don't Know Us, Al.

THE post press agent (publicity officer is his euphemistic title) takes his typewriter in hand and dashes off a note:

Dear Step Keeper:

Our post has the champion basketball team of the upper Gollyzook Valley. We have won fourteen games and lost none. We want to meet any other team in the Gollyzook Valley—upper or lower regions—who will dispute our title. Please get this in your next issue, because the season closes in ten days.

That's the kind of press-agenting the post press agent does—some of the time. And that's the kind of press-agenting he sends to the local newspapers. It is the best kind of publicity in the world, from the point of view of printability by local newspapers, and that's why the p. p. a. is a good p. a. But it doesn't get over with us. It takes three weeks to edit, print and distribute the Weekly. Therefore, any news we use necessarily must have eliminated the time element to a considerable extent. And if we printed half the news about cham-

pionship teams, we wouldn't print anything else.

But why does the p. p. a. hide his light under a bushel? Lots of Legion posts have basketball teams—championship teams, too. But every post has some one thing that *no other* post has. We'll bet on it. And we hereby ask each post what it has that no other post has.

## Bon Jour!

LA Société des 40 Hommes et Huit Hawsses is going bigger guns than ever, if possible. Which is one reason why we're mentioning it. Another reason, however, is the receipt by us of three or four letters inquiring about the address of La Société and asking about the organization of voitures. If you cannot find out through your state voiture (the Grande one), we're here to tell you that National Headquarters of La Société has stayed in Seattle, and is still at 325 Yesler Way in that Washington metropolis. And also, don't forget that in most States they only allow one voiture to the county.

## Legion Calendar

### Christmas

Is just around the corner. Some disabled veterans in your post's vicinity are relying on The American Legion to make the holidays happy. This goes not only for Christmas, but for

### New Year's

When everybody ought to be happy, particularly your post adjutant and finance officer, who ought to be able to forward department and national taxes on your dues for 1923 exactly on January 1st.

### Winter Sports

Sure we're winter sports, as well as summer sports. Zero weather doesn't freeze out our enthusiasm; it only adds to our energy.

The Legion's boundless willingness to serve disabled veterans is expressed elsewhere in this issue over the signature of the National Commander. The Circulation Manager of The American Legion Weekly will be glad to forward a reasonable number of copies of this edition to any post or Auxiliary unit that wants to distribute them to disabled men who otherwise would not receive them.

## Food for Thought

HERE'S something to digest in your mind. It comes from Evan P. Howell, commander of Henry Thomas Ross Post of Atlanta, Georgia.

At the last meeting of our executive committee the chairman, F. B. Saunders, suggested that we formulate plans to show on our roster one service stripe for every year that each member has been a paid-up member of The American Legion. When five stripes have been worn, he will be entitled to a star; six years, a star and a stripe, and so on. At this meeting two or three happened to be present who had for various reasons let their membership drop for a year. They all said they were going to pay up their back dues in order to show continuous membership. . . . I believe that if such a plan were put into effect it would create a lot of interest and would be an incentive for a man to keep up his membership even though he moves into a locality where there is no post. It will also benefit posts by bringing in back dues. I would suggest that a certain date be set, such as January 1, 1923, after which no back dues will be allowed.

## What Sport, Buddy?

T. L. HOLMES of Seymour, Connecticut, writes in to tell us that it might be well if the Legion could adopt some distinctive sport as its very own, and suggests that it meet four requirements: 1. That it be simple, having few rules; 2. That it may be played indoors or out; 3. That it be inexpensive; 4. That it may be played in a limited space. Mr. Holmes says:

The only sport I know of that combines all these requirements is "Pulling the Rubicon," a game that I first met with in camp. Teams of seven men line up on either side of a line, the object of the game being to pull members of the opposing team over the line. The team which first pulls three opponents over the line wins the pull, or if either team fails to do this in ten minutes, the team having pulled the most opponents over in that time wins.

It was not long before a Rubicon contest would pack an auditorium as nothing else but boxing could. One may grasp an opponent in any way possible, and when caught a contestant usually acts as the central figure in a tug-of-war. Should this game strike popular fancy, as I am sure it will, it will possess great possibilities as a treasury builder.

What does your post think of the Rubicon? Has it ever tried the game? We're asking because we would like to learn a lot of similar games, if for nothing else, just to pass them on to other posts.



# BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

## The Vet Speaks

I got the old job back, by ged!  
I'll tell this blooming town,  
Although I had to up and wed  
The girl who held it down.

## Translated from the Russian

Offyouforlifeskay: "Is Kompletelybustedovich's failure a bad one?"  
Dontgiveadamnsky: "Very bad. He can only pay a million rubles on the dollar."

## It Knocks But Once

"Nope," retorted the wary native in answer to a question from the stranger, "I dunno a place in this whole county where liquor can be bought."  
"What a wonderful opportunity!" ejaculated the traveling bootlegger, preparing to unload his baggage from the car.

## Immune

Visitor: "I suppose the time passes slowly for you?"  
Convict: "Yes, but I don't mind it. I bought furniture once on the installment plan."

## The Remains

A former resident of Greenburg, who had been away for many years, dropped back to his old home town and decided to renew acquaintances. He dropped in at the bank, but behind the cashier's grill was a strange face.

"Isn't Sam Blair cashier now?" he asked.  
"No, he isn't with us any more."  
"Oh, has he left the bank?"  
"Yes, but that's about all."

## Insult to Injury

Fair One: "Officer, arrest this man! He has been trying to flirt with me."

Mere Man: "What! Her! Why officer, I wouldn't flirt with her for a million dollars."

Fair One: "Now, officer, you simply must arrest this man. He has insulted me."

## The Rift in the Lute

"Even at Christmas when all the world is gay," remarked the gray-bearded philosopher, "there are wont to come to a man sad thoughts."

"Yes," agreed the young fellow who had no watch on the end of his chain, "and the saddest are those that come to a fellow when he reads of the marriage of the girl to whom last Christmas he gave a diamond ring on which he is still paying installments."

## The Early Bird

"Did you come out well on Christmas morning, Willie?"

"Yes, sir; I got more than any of my brothers or sisters."

"What a good little boy you must be! And how did that happen?"

"I got up before they did."

## Well, Why?

The clock struck eight, nine and then nine-thirty. Still the new maid did not get up. Reluctantly the mistress went to the foot of the stairs.

"Mary," she called, "are you awake?"

"Yes," answered the maid, "why?"

## Simple Mistake

Pa: "I've bought a new tin rattler for the baby."

Ma: "Why, John, it will be at least fifteen years before he will be able to drive a car!"

## A Busy Man

Rub: "Dobbs was one of the slowest men I ever knew."

Dub: "Yes; it took him all of his life to die."

## The Bargain Hunter

A microscopic youth, with a penny clutched firmly in his moist hand, stood on tiptoe in front of a candy counter, inspecting the goods. Nothing seemed to please him and finally the clerk, in exasperation, said:

"See here, young fellow, do you want to buy the whole world with a fence around it for a penny?"

The prospective purchaser meditated a moment and then replied:

"Let's see it."

## Snapper the Flapper

The flapper had just powdered her nose and was taking a hurried look at herself in the mirror. To the image therein she said:

"Clothes, I am going to town; if you want to come along, just hang on."

## Suggestions of a Doughboy

*Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One*

44. That in the next war Firing Squads be appointed to assassinate well-meaning but deluded home folks who make up alleged slogans such as "On to Berlin" in place of "When do we eat?", such appellations as "Hun" for "Jerry" and such "war" songs as "Keep the Home Fires Burning" for "Good Morning, Mister Zip" and "Mademoiselle from Armentières."

## Touching

She touched her nose with powder—so—  
And touched her lips to Cupid's bow;  
She smiled to view herself so fair,  
And touched her brows, and touched her hair.

And then she touched a tiny bell  
At which came quickly mademoiselle.  
"Am I touched up enough?" said she.  
"Ah, oui, Madame, ah, oui, ah, oui!"  
With one more touch all would be well—  
"Where is my husband, mademoiselle?"  
—G. A. Paravicini.

## "And Live to Fight Another Day"

A company of new men were taken out for hand grenade practice and real grenades were to be used for the first time. The lieutenant gave the instructions to pull the pin, count five and then throw. Everything was all set, and the men, with bated breath, were one-two-three-four, when suddenly one gave a yell and broke away.

Later he was located and brought on the mat for an official call down.

"Well, sir," he said when asked for an explanation. "There was a fellow next to me that stuttered and when he began 'One, t-t-two, th-th-three,' I just figured mother wouldn't like to have me stick around."

## In Father's Confidence

A Colorado girl who had figured in a romantic runaway match was, upon her return home, telling her closest chum all about it. The latter interrupted to ask:

"When you eloped with Harry, did you leave a note telling your people where you had gone?"

"Why, of course, dearie! How stupid you are! If I hadn't, how in the world would Dad have known where to send us money?"

## His Task

They were digging for a splinter-proof dugout on the other side during a lull in the firing. A passing major asked a sweaty Vermonter what he was doing.

"Digging a hole to make the world safe to live in," was the answer.

## The Police!

An Irish pug, engaged in his first professional glove match, was so new to rules that he kept on fighting after the gong had announced the end of a round.

"Hey!" shouted the referee. "Don't you know you are supposed to quit when you hear that bell ring?"

"Is that so?" demanded the embryo Dempsey. "Twas always a whistle stopped me."

## Looking Ahead

Footpad (to novice): "'Nother thing, Bill, always knock a couple o' teeth out of yer guy. He may have gold ones put in, yer know, and that'd make business good the next time."

## On Yo' Way

"Boy, does yo' get a letter from de Ku Kluxes, what yo' gwine do wid it?"

"Read it on de train."

## Orders is Orders

"Sure, and ye look very sad this mornin', Mrs. O'Halloran."

"An' I've good reason to look sad whin me poor Malachi's been



Merry Christmas Cards



dropped from the force."

"An' for why?"  
"Well, 'twas this way. There was a sign on a buildin' that read: 'No trespassing; police take notice.' An' me poor Malachi took it."

### Enough Said

Parkis: "Why doesn't Pettibrain sell his new invention?"

Titus: "He can't find anyone idiotic enough to buy it. It's a device for accelerating the speed of parachutes."

### Peace at Last

Two Westerners between whom there had been a feud for a long time were anxious to bury the hatchet and become friends. One day, after a long separation, they met face to face unexpectedly.

"Well, I'll be goldarned if it ain't Jakey!" cried one. "Glad to see me, old pal?"

"Glad?" replied the other. "I'll say I'm glad. There was a time when I wanted to mop the floor with you, but ever since I lost both arms in that railroad wreck I'm willing to shake hands."

### Just Bull

It was at Camp Zachary Taylor in the hills of old Kaintuck, just after the Armistice, when there wasn't a thing in the world to do except sit around and shoot the stuff while waiting for the discharges to come through. A discussion was under way as to the relative merits of Mobile and Dallas. Said the Mobilian:

"Now, there's a town. There's the greatest town in the world. Why, we've got a building so tall that it takes twenty-four hours to get to the top in an express elevator."

"Chuff!" retorted the Dallasite scornfully. "Our new hotel, the Adolphus, is so tall they had to put the top five stories on hinges to let the moon go by."

"Huh! Say, in Mobile we've got a factory that uses a hundred thousand gallons of ink a year just in signing its correspondence."

"Bunk! There's a mail order house in Dallas that saves a hundred thousand gallons of ink a year just by not dotting the 'i's' and crossing the 't's' in its correspondence."

### Buried Mistakes

Dr. Killem: "I had a great many more patients this time last year than I have now. I wonder where they've all gone."

His Wife: "We can only hope for the best, John."

### Good Enough

Grocers are accustomed to answering penetrating questions about the merits of their wares. Perkins of Perkinsville was no exception to this rule.

"Are they really fresh?" demanded a woman customer who had come to buy eggs.

"They certainly are," replied Perkins. "You're sure of that? Because I'm so frightened of bad eggs. I must have them really fresh."

"Boy," called out the grocer to his assistant. "Just run to the back room and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough yet to sell."



"Just keep cool now. We'll have you out in a minute."

### It Helps

"In time of trial," orated the preacher, "what brings the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal," responded a person who should never have been admitted.

### Two Ways

Single Man: "The reason why there are not more scandals and divorces is because when a woman marries men generally leave her alone."

Married Woman: "Very true—oh, say, can't you run over and keep me company to-night? John has left me alone for the evening."

### In 1952

Barr: "Yes, I'm living forty-five minutes from Broadway now."

Carr: "I don't see how you can stand the London fog."

### Busy

A city attorney wrote a rustic justice of the peace asking him about a judgment that had been entered against a client in the latter's village, and enclosing a two-cent stamp for reply. Several days later there came back a postcard bearing the message:

"Your inquiry received. I beg to inform you that my time is mighty valuable just now. Corn-cutting is most nigh here, politics is sizzling and the bass-fishing is fine. If you would enclose a dollar bill it might stimulate me some. I paid ten dollars once to a lawyer for answering a question, and all he said was 'No.'"

### Nothing Funny About This

Bud: "The irony of it!"

Buddy: "Of what?"

Bud: "Calling him a doughboy—at thirty bucks a month!"

### Accidents Will Happen

Knick: "What was the matter with Gray at the office this morning?"

Knack: "He was almost overcome by an accidental discharge of his duty."

### Contributed by a Pedestrian

First Auto Fiend: "Wadja get today?"

Second Likewise: "Aw, nothin' except a kid on a bike and a blind man."

### Corroborative

Mummler: "Your new dog seems to be sleeping most of the time."

Bitley: "That's some consolation. I wasn't cheated. The seller guaranteed him to be a full-blooded, pure-bred police dog."

### His Is Perpetual

Rub: "Are you going to take a vacation?"

Dub: "Of course not; I'm a bachelor."

### Rush

Dealer: "Are you in a hurry for these goods?"

Customer: "Hurry? I need them yesterday."

### Ruralistic

"Well, sir," observed old Si to a friend after the former's return from a visit to the Big Town, "so fur

as I kin see, the city is jest nacherly full of cabs with cash registers on them an' red flags to show people it's dangerous to dispu-te the fare. They call 'em taxidermy cabs, for the reason if you don't do what you're told, the drivers will jest take the skin off you."

### In Perfect Agreement

Brummel: "What do you think of Miss Primrose?"

Trummel: "Oh, she's a very nice girl—"

Brummel: "I don't like her much either."

### A Professional View

"But I want to tell my own story," objected the prisoner. "Don't you think the jury would believe it?"

"That's just the trouble," his wise lawyer returned. "It would carry conviction with it."

### Lilies of the Field

The modern flapper toils not,  
She thinks work is a sin;  
But go to any road house  
And see how she can spin.

### The Sext War

Reformer: "Multitudes of our young women are parading about the beaches scantily clad."

Voice from the Rear of Hall (tired but happy): "Ah, yes—the shock troops!"

### Sum Slum

He wanted some slum gullion stew  
(Though you may not believe it, it's true)  
So he put on some water  
And when it got hotter  
Mixed onions with slices of shoe.

### Breaking It Gently

Rub: "What sort of a looking girl is Gladys?"

Dub: "Well, nobody would ever get excited because she wore a one-piece bathing suit."

### The Army Forever

In Army lines he could not rise,  
Although the life he still did prize,  
To trade he fled  
And now, 'tis said,  
He follows General Merchandise.



# They Were My Buddies

By Jack Gfeller

**N**OW and then I see a parade of ex-service men, pink with health and vigor—with here and there the exception of a limp, or if one looked closer, perhaps an eye that sees not, fingers gone or a hand.

I notice these details as they swing along and I'm proud of them. In the background always the longing look of one in civvies supporting himself on a cane or crutches, or members seemingly sound until one sees him turn to move away. It is then that a little cloud begins to obscure the proud and happy harking back. There's the vision of the buddies still in hospital beds. Turning back towards the parade to shake off the momentary depression, the flag-bearer is coming in sight, so you uncover and your spirits rise again. These men, present and accounted for, went out for this flag and they're not sorry for themselves, neither would they like you to feel sorry for them, so you are proud again.

Being one who did not arrive over there but fought the battle of pork and beans in various army camps over here, I hover about the Legion headquarters and listen in on the overseas men recounting their experiences—how an empty stomach supported a full pack for twenty to thirty miles a day for days on end, how they strung barbed wire in No Man's Land or how they fought the battle of vin rouge in Paris and I marvel. And I'm, yes I'm proud of them.

For I am reminiscing you see. Pic-

tures of other days come back. There was the seven months spent in a headquarters office in a sizable city and those telephone conversations haunt me now.

*Tingaling.*

"Hello . . . yes this is headquarters office. . . . No, the government *does not* furnish wrist-watches to the men. . . . No. . . . Yes. . . . You're quite welcome."

*Tingaling.*

"Hello . . . yes, madam. . . . Nervous is he? . . . What's that? . . . Tenderly reared? . . . Well, yes, those things should be taken up with his captain and the medical officer."

*Tingaling.*

"Hello. . . . A corporal? . . . Why the first thing is to become a private, go down to the nearest recruiting office and enlist. . . . Oh, you don't want to be a common private. . . . Well, just tell the recruiting officer about it; I'm most sure that he can arrange to have you made a K. P. or something. . . . Don't mention it."

And then there were the people who stopped you on street corners with, "Oh, I say, soldier."

One day I piled into the side car of the motorcycle when Jerry went for the mail. I needed the air and Jerry said he needed the ballast. I was sitting there, outside the post office, all comfylike waiting for Jerry to return.

"Oh, I say, soldier," handing me his card. I rubbed my fingers across it. It was engraved.

"Yes, what can I do for you, Mr. Blank."

"I expect to be called into service soon and I just thought I'd ask you how many trunks do they allow one to carry with them."

"What?"

"Trunks. How many is one allowed? I thought I would take about three."

"You had better make it four—or six, any even number." Jerry stepped on the gas.

"Oh, thank you."

And thereafter for a week at regular intervals I would look at Jerry or Jerry would look at me. "Three trunks," one would say. "Har, har, har," we would both say in chorus. Other things came and crowded themselves upon us and the three trunks incident was forgotten—but to be recalled. One day I was reading that a private in one of the early regiments had crawled out into No Man's Land and struggled back with a wounded comrade. Just as the parapet was reached a shell burst and the rescuer tumbled into his trench—dead. I looked hard at the hero's name. The engraved card!

"Three trunks," I said to Jerry but we did not laugh.

Yes, I only read of the things that happened over there but I like to hark back to the days before the war—just a short time before the war—remembering the boys that came in. And I think what a long, long road it was from the comfy parlor sofa to the wire entanglements and how short a time they required to travel it. And—well as I started out to say—

I'm proud of my buddies.

## The New Foreign Service—Legion Style

**I**N the issue of The American Legion Weekly for January 27, 1922, appeared a little story under the head, "The Last Journey of Sam Soo Hoo," telling of a Chinese lad, American-born, though not an American citizen, who had returned to China shortly before the outbreak of the World War, had married and settled down. When America entered the war Sam Soo Hoo, imbued with American patriotism, returned to this country, enlisted, went overseas with the Rainbow Division and was killed in action at Fère-en-Tardenois. Then followed the sad tale of the return of his body from France to his little widow, who lived close by Jia gi Chen, Canton, outside the South Gate, Tai San Shen.

Now the Weekly can print a sequel to that story, a sequel with a happier ending. Legionnaires of Canton Post in far-off China, then but recently organized, read the story. The information was received too late for them to do honor to their dead comrade, but not too late to render assistance to his widow.

Due to the difference between Chinese proper names in the original Chinese and their English equivalents, the post was unable to ascertain the burial place of Sam Soo Hoo or the whereabouts of his widow. Alfred H. Holt,

commander of Canton Post, then wrote to the Weekly for aid. An investigation followed, involving correspondence with the Graves Registration Bureau in Washington, the receipt of shipping instructions in Chinese characters, and interviews with Chinese Legionnaires in New York's Chinatown to secure translation and copy of the shipping orders. All of this data was immediately forwarded to Commander Holt.

Let Commander Holt complete the story: "Thanks for your most gratifying response to our appeal. I got the clue as soon as I saw 'American consul, Hongkong,' so I interviewed him and he sent for Louie Wai Chee. This man proved to be a slight, aristocratic Chinese, in a long white *shaam*, reserved manner but friendly eyes, scanty mustache, no knowledge of English. No interpreter being available at first, I tried to converse a little in Chinese, but one of his first questions was 'What is this American Legion?'—and my Chinese is neither extensive nor enthusiastic enough to answer such a question properly!

"An interpreter arrived and I soon learned that the body had arrived and had been delivered to the widow some months before. I tendered our sympathy to Mr. Louie (he is a close relative), expressed our regret that the

post had not been able to be represented in Hongkong on the arrival of the body and asked how we could show our respect. It developed that it was 'bad medicine' to present a wreath after burial and that he didn't know whether the widow was a Christian or not. But he brightened up when I asked how a small tribute of money would do. 'The very best thing, because if not a Christian, she can use it to buy prayer papers to burn for his spirit.' He said further that she was penniless and was being supported by her relatives. I ascertained from the gentleman (and he was a cultured gentleman—no getting around it) how to get to the widow's home—it's eighteen hours from Canton by boat and then an additional journey by train."

Commander Holt enclosed a check to cover the cost and shipment of an official Legion marker for Sam Soo Hoo's grave and advised that at the time of the Chinese grave festival in February, a representative of Canton Post will journey to Toi Shan to present the marker and a gift of money raised by the post to the widow. The post is also investigating whether or not Sam Soo Hoo carried War Risk Insurance, and whether the widow is receiving her payments from the government, in case he did.



# It Pays to Advertise



Introducing Al, the mute traffic director for service men in San Francisco. Golden Gate Post profited by adopting the follow-the-finger sign board

Apathy toward the Legion on the part of the public and some eligible non-members isn't always due to lack of interest; sometimes it's due to lack of knowledge. Letting folks know is the cure.



Since the board at the left has been prominently placed on their main street, Legionnaires and Auxiliary members of Auburn, New York, can't pull the old gag about forgetting the dates of meetings or other activities. The attractive billboard on the right spelled new members in the same city. Flags and board are of steel.



**We stand for American ideals,  
institutions, and universal liberty.  
Help us advance this Americanization!**

*Courtesy of  
Stoner-McGraw System*

**ARGONNE POST  
THE AMERICAN LEGION**

Forty of these boards, each bearing a different slogan, were used by Argonne Post to enlighten citizens and potential members in Des Moines, Iowa, about the Legion. The post secured the free use of the boards for three months



# THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

The Editors disclaim responsibility for statements made in this department. Because of space demands, letters are subject to abridgement.

## Another Wife Heard From

*To the Editor:* Sir Roger de Coverley said that much might be said on both sides of a question. So I have appointed myself a committee of one to express my view of "my husband since the war." Oh, sure, I am—that is, I believe I am—broad-minded enough to know that the other person's viewpoint in a recent issue was perhaps a lot of fun, but I am such a conscientious objector that it didn't strike me just right. Conscientious objector! I guess it was that sentence which got me. "At any rate I imagine the wives of conscientious objectors have fallen into the easiest berths after the war." Well, maybe I am one of those foolish, sentimental wives—I shall leave that decision to others—but on Armistice Day, on Decoration Day and on Independence Day (and on about 362 more days, sometimes 363) I'm darned glad I am not the wife of a conscientious objector. Indeed I'm so very glad that sometimes on these special days my throat seems to have a swelling and my eyes are watery and red. No—sure my husband doesn't know that my throat and eyes get in this condition. If he did, he would probably say, "What in — are you crying about?" He told me though just this last Armistice Day about a certain lady crying while the Legion band played "The Star Spangled Banner." I laughed. But then the view of his wife was hidden from my husband during that particular selection, and when he says, "Kid, guess I'm goin' to need the old uniform next week," it doesn't take me long to find it.

I believe if it were left to my choice that I should much rather listen to the events of the World War than put myself up as a human target and fight it; and I especially love to listen to these war incidents in the presence of certain men—they shouldn't be called that, but the law refuses me permission to designate them properly—who had such "important duties" that our dear old Uncle positively refused to take them for military service. I notice the subject of war is soon changed.

Then, concerning some of those phrases such as "toot sweet" and "c' mon, let's shove off." Perhaps it's because I am an uncouth, unrefined Westerner; anyway, I find that I use them more than John does.

Sometimes I even venture to ask my husband for a suggestion for our menu. And if he says, "Oh, anything," then I say, "All right—stewed prunes and goldfish for lunch, bully beef and rice for dinner." (Curtain.) But while it is falling, he reminds me that he likes baked apples fixed such and such a way.

No, sirree! There's only one time I envy the wife of a conscientious objector. Then I guess it isn't the wife, but the objector whom I envy for my husband's sake. That's when I realize how badly his health has been impaired as a result of fighting those Dutch. And then—if put to the test, I doubt if I should wish for him to be a conscientious objector instead of an ex-doughboy. At least, not so long as I in my capacity as a wife am able to help him.—MRS. NELL DOWNEY BEAMER, *Rocky Ford, Colorado.*

## A Victim's Story

*To the Editor:* A few days ago a young man dressed in the uniform of the United States Army, with overseas cap, came into my office, executed a snappy if not strictly regulation salute, jerked a magazine from a bundle held under his arm, extended it toward me, and said: "Lieutenant (I don't know where he got the rank) I'm selling 'Treat 'Em Square,' a publication for disabled service men. Two bits a copy. All

receipts go to help disabled buddies. Take one?"

I was busy with a caller, the amount was small, and I didn't want to lay myself open to an accusation of being unwilling to help a good cause, so I handed over my quarter and got the magazine. Subsequent perusal of its pages convinced me that it is either a perilous approach to a fake, of which a single issue has been published with the idea of making a clean-up by sales men; or similar to those used on me, or that it is a misguided attempt on the part of a bunch of inexperienced men to enter a field already well covered by our own magazine.

Given time in which to think, a man could very easily turn such a sales agent away with the simple remark that he was already subscribing to *The American Legion Weekly*, which is ably looking after the welfare of all disabled veterans; but doubtless many were and will be caught as I was with the result that a number of quarters probably have gone to enrich some unworthy person or persons, and may go the same way in the future unless a warning is sounded.—HAROLD H. YOST, *Honolulu Post No. 1, Honolulu, T. H.*

## Concerning Mr. Poole's Idea

*To the Editor:* I am not a Legionnaire, but I am a constant reader of your valuable weekly, and wish to say that I enjoy reading it immensely. I served four years in the British Army (before the war) and I am still a soldier at heart.

I notice in this week's issue Mr. Ernest Poole's suggestion relative to the idea of posting a bugler at Belleau, instead of erecting a stone or bronze monument. I think just as he, just as, probably, a hundred million other Americans would.

I wish to congratulate you on getting out a magazine that is one hundred percent American and I wish it every success.—C. V. FISHER, *Late of the Queen's Own Royal West Surreys, Omaha, Nebraska.*

## A Message from Canada

*To the Editor:* In a recent issue of your publication an article appeared concerning veteran magazines which were being more or less used to extract large sums from the public upon a sentimental appeal without giving any adequate returns. Among those mentioned one known as *The Veteran* was noted.

Would you please direct attention in your columns to the fact that this publication is not related to *The Veteran*, which is the official organ of the G. W. V. A. of Canada, and which has been published for the past five years?

Steps are being taken to protect in future our title in the United States as well as in Canada.—T. C. LAPP, *Editor, The Veteran, Ottawa, Ontario.*

## How to Achieve Peace

*To the Editor:* Major General O'Ryan believes in the desirability and possibility of an ultimate world peace. That is as far as he goes in his article in a recent *Weekly*.

Why not carry his reasoning a step further? A universal world peace is a simple matter, based on very simple principles. The idea underlying it is the same idea that prevented Texas and Oklahoma from having a little war of their own over a disputed boundary when Oklahoma mustered its militia and Texas its rangers. These principles should be taught to young children in school. That is the way prohibition won in this country. When I was in the grades, the teachers were doing the work which made prohibition possible when I grew up.

Today, the teachers can do work which will make a world organization possible.

Peace can only come through a world government, backed up by a police force big enough to lick anybody who breaks the laws. This world is a small place, and we've all got to live in it; and the sooner we make it safe and comfortable, the happier we'll be.

The idea is simple. So simple that it is hard to believe. But it is hard because we've been used to the complicated, inconsistent inhumanities of the past. A child can grasp it. A child must grasp it before the adult can comprehend it.

To draw an analogy, it is only necessary to look to the government of one of our cities. As long as there was no government in the pioneer community, fights arose *ad libitum*, and no one's life or property was really safe. In a community like that, being a pacifist, and throwing away your gun in abhorrence of fighting, would win you no security, no peace. It would probably succeed in annihilating you. The thing that brought peace in the community, and freed the individual from carrying the burden of arms and fighting, was the organizing of the community, and the delegation of a police force to handle the roughnecks.

Teach that in school, and the next generation will see a world peace, and an end of war forever.—MILES J. BREUER, *M.D., Lincoln, Nebraska.*

## One Man's Case

*To the Editor:* In a recent *Legion Weekly* there is a beautiful prayer for the disabled by E. A. Blackman, then National Chaplain.

If the officials that have the handling of the claims of the disabled soldiers would get more of the spirit of that prayer it would make the burdens of the disabled much easier to bear.

I take my own case, for example. I was taken out of training last April because my trouble became so bad that it was not advisable to continue. I was turned loose not able to work. A wife and mother, neither of them in good health, were dependent on me. I had no place in particular to go and no money to go on. The sub-district manager said he would rush my compensation claim through. That was the last I heard of my claim for four months, although I wrote several letters.

The local post of the Legion had no better success than I did in getting satisfaction. Finally the Legion liaison officer at the district office (an officer that I knew nothing about) heard of my case and started an investigation and found that the examination records had either been misfiled or lost. He could not locate them. After some delay he secured a copy from the sub-district office and I was awarded a temporary rating of forty dollars a month, with no allowance for my dependents, although I had been getting an allowance for them while in training. I received a check for \$100.65 (as payment in full from the time my training was discontinued until September 1st) which was not the correct amount. I asked for, and finally got, another examination sometime ago which I have not heard from, although they have had (it would seem) plenty of time.

I have tried in all the nearby cities to secure employment of some sort, but on account of my constant coughing and physical condition no one would hire me.

I have had to give up my medical treatment on account of not getting anything to pay with. I am sitting patiently now getting deeper in debt each day, while waiting for the slow moving, rusty wheels of the Veterans Bureau to unwind the necessary red tape.—S. O. L., *Vincennes, Ind.*



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# The New Auxiliary Secretary

## Ohio's Loss Is the Nation's Gain in the Appointment of Miss Bess B. Wetherholt



Miss Bess B. Wetherholt of Ohio

IN ten months after Miss Bess B. Wetherholt became secretary of the Ohio Department of The American Legion Auxiliary, that department trebled its membership and doubled the number of its units. In that period also the Ohio department of the Auxiliary attracted national attention by the thoroughness with which it carried on activities for the relief of the disabled men in hospitals and those in their own homes. It is not chance, then, that has made Miss Wetherholt the new National Secretary of the Auxiliary, with her office at the Auxiliary's National Headquarters in Indianapolis. Miss Wetherholt's appointment was announced late in November by Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, National Commander of the Auxiliary. Miss Wetherholt's native city is Gallipolis, Ohio. After

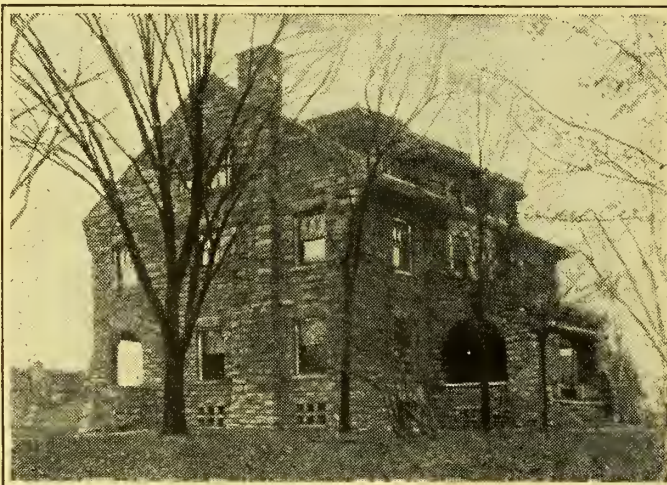
graduation from a private school in Cincinnati, she engaged in legal work. During the war she served in the statistics section of the Ordnance Department at Cincinnati and spent her spare time helping to organize chapters of the American Red Cross. She had three brothers in service. Miss Wetherholt fills a position which has been vacant for several months, due to the retirement of the Auxiliary's first National Secretary, Miss Pauline Curnick of Indianapolis, on account of illness.

Miss Wetherholt already has assumed her new duties, and has taken charge of the office administration of Auxiliary National Headquarters, which are located in an annex to the present Legion National Headquarters in the Chalfant Building, Michigan and Pennsylvania Streets, Indianapolis.

## A National Convention Memorial Home

AFTER all bills and claims for the Third National Convention of The American Legion in Kansas City in 1921 were settled by the Convention Executive Committee, a surplus of \$33,560 remained in the city's convention fund. As a result, Legion posts in that city are in possession of a splendid home, fully paid for.

With the approval of the posts and the business men who contributed to the convention fund, the Convention Executive Committee was incorporated as The American Legion Trust Association for the purpose of acquiring the home. An eighteen-room mansion on property fronting one hun-



The Kansas City Legion's new home

dred and fifty feet on Broadway Boulevard, one of the main traffic ways, was bought for \$18,000. The rest of the fund will be used to improve the property and to build a addition to the building. Local Auxiliary units have taken an active interest in the furnishings.

The building was thrown open November first, the anniversary of the second day of the Kansas City convention, and on Armistice Day, immediately following the Legion parade, the ceremony of raising the flag over the home was staged. Formal dedication of the building is scheduled for February 22d, Washington's birthday.

## A New England Custom

NEW ENGLANDERS bitterly deny the belief which seems to be prevalent elsewhere in the country that they always eat pie for breakfast. Be that as it may, they have one other peculiarity. It is the habit of putting up and electing National Vice-Commanders who are: 1. Physicians; 2. Ex-army officers; 3. All hung over with medals.

Last year it was H. Nelson Jackson of Burlington, Vermont. This year it is Robert O. Blood of Concord, New Hampshire. It might also be added that they are both modest. When the editors of the Weekly asked Dr. Blood for some information about himself, he stated briefly that he was born in 1887, attended high school and Dartmouth College Medical School, practiced medicine from the time he was graduated in 1913 until the war broke out, joined the 26th Division in May, 1917, went overseas with it, fought in all its numerous engagements, came back, was mustered out a major, resumed his practice in Concord and became in turn post com-

mander, department vice-commander, department commander, national executive committeeman and National Vice-Commander in the Legion. But in the middle of this skimpy sketch he happened to put these words:

"Received D.S.C. and Croix de Guerre for participating in Second Battle of the Marne."

The Weekly knew that nobody ever was decorated just for "participating" in a battle. So Dr. Blood's record was looked up. Here is his citation:

BLOOD, ROBERT O., Captain, Medical Corps, 103d Inf. For extraordinary heroism near Bourèsches, France, July 20-23, 1918. He remained with his battalion during the entire advance, working untiringly under heavy enemy fire at all times, superintending the evacuation of the wounded and caring for them in the most dangerous and exposed positions. On July 22nd he established his dressing station in an advanced position that was constantly under shell fire, and many times left his station to go to the front lines to treat wounded.



Dr. Robert O. Blood, National Vice-Commander of The American Legion



# Building a Post by Boxing

NOT so long ago Charles S. Harrison Post of Columbus, Georgia, had seventy-nine members—and a problem.

The Legion men, it so happened, were almost without exception white-collar men. Quite a few had achieved marked success in business and professional life. Others had wealthy parents and bore society column names.

Out around the cotton mills Charles S. Harrison Post wasn't popular. It was regarded as a strictly silk-stocking proposition. In good American fashion the men in the mills, getting the notion that noses were being turned up at them, thumbed their own in return. They took it for granted they weren't wanted in the Legion, and they resolutely stayed out.

That's the way things seemed to stack up, anyhow—and therein lay the post's problem.

The problem, by the way, no longer exists. The membership is no longer seventy-nine. It's more than six hundred, and so sure are officers of the post that the limit hasn't been reached that they've pledged themselves to their department headquarters to have one thousand names on the roll by January 1st.

It wasn't by speech-making or letter-writing that Charles S. Harrison Post broke through the impasse of the mills, nor yet by everybody-welcome tea parties. What did the trick was boxing. There were men among the original seventy-nine (they'd laugh if you called them psychologists) who had a pretty good insight into other people's habits of thought. They sensed what the trouble was, and decided the big thing necessary was to demonstrate that buddies once were buddies always.

On that basis, its plans carefully laid, Charles S. Harrison Post went to work. Not many days passed before the men who hadn't joined began to wonder if they hadn't been mistaken about the post and its members. The Legion began to loom large on the Columbus sporting page. Charles S. Harrison Post was staging some of the liveliest boxing cards in the city's history.

All Columbus found itself reading of the exploits of one Kid Peck. There was no mollycoddle, no professional country club dancer, no white-haired playboy. One after another he neatly laid out well-thought-of featherweights in cold, silent rows. He became, in a

twinkling of the whole South's champion in his division.

While the Kid's opponents were going down, and as rapidly, the post's membership was going up. Buddies from the mills and other eligibles who had held out of the Legion dropped in to see the fights and were astonished and gratified to find the white-collar wearers just the same robustly democratic fellows they'd been in uniform.

At first the matches were held indoors. Soon came a time when indoors wasn't big enough to hold them. The city manager was approached with a proposal covering the use of the famous Columbus Driving Park.

"Go ahead," said he. "Use it. Don't worry about the cost. If it's anything at all I'll pay it myself."

Once established at the park, the Legion bouts became about the most important events on the Columbus entertainment calendar. Everyone met at them on the old equal footing of army days. Many women of society came regularly to enjoy the sport, and showed they were real folks after all.

The bouts themselves were uniformly fast. The post's boxing match commission, headed by J. Paul Jones, Department of Georgia athletic officer, saw to it that only those were brought together who could and would go. Matchmaker Hugh Martin, moreover, proved a wizard at digging up talent.

In three ways at least the boxing program has boosted the post. The sporting page publicity has been great. The white-collar men have had a chance to show they have a taste for rougher games than tennis. And the value of carrying a Legion card has been proved real—the buddy who has one gets his boxing admission ticket at a reduced rate.

From a financial point of view, too, the matches have been anything but a drain on the post. Expenses have usually run over \$500, but there nevertheless has been a safe margin of profit. Although no big money has yet been realized, prospects are excellent for substantial gains.

With it all, though, Charles S. Harrison Post still has a problem.

Since he knocked out Battling Johnson of Florida—which happened at the Georgia State Convention in Waycross—it's getting awfully hard to find anyone to climb in the ring with Kid Peck.

## Executive Committee Meeting in January

THREE months after the New Orleans convention there will be another national gathering of The American Legion with an important bearing on Legion policies in the year 1923. National Commander Owsley has issued a call for a meeting of the National Executive Committee in Indianapolis on January 14, 1923. The by-laws adopted at New Orleans provide that meetings of the National Executive Committee shall be held in the second weeks of January and May in addition to the meetings held immediately before and after every National Convention. The National Executive Committee has judicial and executive powers secondary only to those of the National Convention and its

membership, comprising one representative from each department, may truly be said to be composed of the "best minds" of the Legion. Executive committeemen invariably are men of the highest ability, with records of accomplishment in the departments they represent.

At the January meeting the Executive Committee will pass on the report of the National Finance Committee, which is to hold a meeting late in December and prepare the national budget for the year. Immigration is another subject which probably will figure in the Committee's meeting, as recent developments on the Pacific Coast indicate the need of additional action on the Oriental question.



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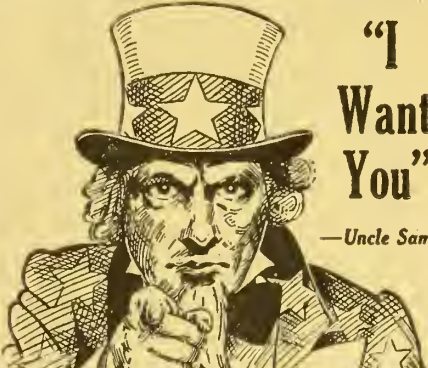


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# THE LEGION LIBRARY

Through the medium of The American Legion Weekly, The American Legion expects to assemble a complete library covering the field of American activity in the World War. It is intended ultimately to assemble this library in a room of its own, preferably at National Headquarters. Books received in the office of this magazine for inclusion in the library are listed on receipt, and in most cases noticed in reviews.

## The Grand-Pré Gap\*



THE 78th Division was created on paper by a War Department order in August, '17, and Camp Dix was selected for the creation area. At the time Camp Dix itself was still only part created, and the National Army recruits who were to make up this outfit were still being collected in New York, New Jersey and Delaware. But by the end of September the division was in uniform, fairly well up to strength, and hard at work on squads east and west. By November all hands were anxious for the war to begin, but they soon found that for a young division Camp Dix was a more dangerous sector than any at the front. All through the winter they had to provide drafts for others ahead of them on the sailing list, until the organization fell back almost to a skeleton basis. When Ludendorff's spring offensive brought the hurry call at last, in April, fifty per cent or so of new recruits had to be rushed in to bring it up to strength in time to sail at the end of May.

Sailing from Halifax in British vessels, the 78th found itself one of the divisions advanced under temporary mortgage to the British Army. Landing in England, it was brought across to a training area behind Ypres, provided with jam and tea, trained, fed and equipped on a purely British basis, and settled down to life as a reserve division behind the British front.

The St. Mihiel operation suddenly pulled it across France into the waiting arms of the A.E.F. The artillery brigade got forward in time to help out in the great bombardment which opened the attack. The infantry, held in reserve, followed on the heels of the advance, and two days later took over the new front line of the Second Division, close up against the Michel Stellung, opposite Rembercourt. For three weeks the division held down this freshly staked-out claim, going through the usual post-St. Mihiel routine of trench raids and holding attacks. On October 3d it was suddenly pulled out, marched across the corner of the salient, and turned north to the Meuse-Argonne.

Here, on October 16th, the 78th went into line in a particularly nasty sector. The 77th, after scratching and biting its way forward clear through the Argonne, had come to anchor in the Grand-Pré gap. Our whole line across the gap lay in an open valley which was under perfect observation from the enemy positions on the heights to the north. These positions, the citadel of Grand-Pré, the Bois des Loges and the southern edge of the Bois de Bourgogne—gave complete cover to the Boche defenders; they were extremely strong natural positions, and were thoroughly organized for defense. The Bois de Bourgogne was a second Argonne, a great wooded area almost impossible to cross, sheltering the enemy line of communications, and allowing him to keep under perfect cover the troops awaiting to support the defense.

The whole corner was so strong and so important strategically that it formed the cornerstone of the general Kriemhilde-Brunhilde line on which the Germans had now fallen back. Holding it, they could pin down our left and the whole right wing

\*HISTORY OF THE 78TH DIVISION IN THE WORLD WAR. Compiled and edited by Thomas F. Meehan, Secretary-Treasurer, Association of the 78th Division. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.



Cantonment life five years ago  
From "C Company: Our Book" (23d Eng.)

of the French Fourth Army further west (they did so, in fact, until the American assault of November 1st broke the back of their whole line).

For its first experience in offensive battle the 78th had the difficult job of trying to loosen the enemy's grip on this cornerstone, and it had to begin not in the rush of a general offensive, but on its own, by a series of local attacks, which is a difficult basis for gathering in a key position.

The first of these attacks was ordered while the division was moving up into line in the night of October 16th, before all its front units had completed the relief, and before any of them had a chance to locate the enemy positions they were to attack. In spite of this rather unnecessary handicap the regiments on the right drove ahead into the Bois des Loges, and there in the tangled underbrush put up for three days a rough and tumble mix-up of the regular

Argonne variety. But the Bois des Loges was a sort of Belleau Wood proposition; the Boche could easily feed in reinforcements and douse the whole place with continuous shell fire. The 82nd, next on the right, was held up in front of Champigneulle, so that the ground the 78th held in the Loges wood became an exposed salient, and the troops had to be ordered out. Later on (November 1st) they made another gallant assault and again fought their way into the woods.

On the center and left the division kept up ten days' steady plugging, gathering in by degrees all the town of Grand-Pré, then the citadel, and finally the slopes leading up to the Bois de Bourgogne, so that it was able to establish its line firmly well within the edge of the woods. Here things were halted awaiting the general attack of November 1st, in which the 78th was to form the left flank of the whole attack, swing-



ing its right around so as to face the eastern edge of the Bourgogne wood. This movement, for a variety of reasons, could not be pulled off, but the division lost no time next morning in following up the Boche retreat, and had pushed twenty kilometres to the north, when it was relieved on November 5th.

In dealing with November 1st, the divisional history makes no mention of the overwhelming advance of our center divisions, so that an innocent reader is left with the impression that the German retreat was due to the local situation on the divisional front. No such sleight-of-hand trick was necessary; the record of the 78th hardly required any such patching out. Coming into battle in a particularly difficult sector, at a point and at a time when the Boche was stiffening his resistance to the utmost, it put up an excellent fight, and well deserved the message that came from General Liggett: "The Army is very much pleased with the persistent, intelligent and successful work done by the 78th division in clearing up the ridges north of Grand-Pré."

The story of the division is told in a brief, clear and straightforward narrative, backed up by copies of all important field orders and plenty of clear sketch maps. Few divisional histories can show such an intelligent and interesting selection of illustrations; they show better than any possible description in words what "the ridges north of Grand-Pré" amounted to. To gain them cost the 78th some five thousand casualties—and no wonder.

T. H. THOMAS.

### A Post History

IN the issue of the Weekly for August 4th notice was taken of the publication by Andover (Mass.) Post covering the part the town had taken in the war. That was an example selected for guidance of other posts desiring to compile a community history. The issue of August 25th noticed a similar publication by Dalton (Mass.) Post.

For the guidance of post historians who desire to learn what other post historians are doing, the annual report of the historian of Sidney L. Smith Post of Aberdeen, S. D., is a good example. This historian was H. B. Andersen.

Mr. Andersen chose to present a résumé of the history of the post from its organization, with pre-organization work in the city and State. His report is thus a history of the post, and, in part, of the department.

He begins with the Preamble of our Constitution and the eligibility clause. This is followed with a brief sketch of "The Birth of The American Legion," including mention of the Paris and St. Louis caucuses. These are but paragraphs, all sufficient. Then comes a chapter devoted to "The Early Organization of The American Legion in South Dakota," telling of the temporary state organization at Vermilion, May 15, 1919, reciting the names of those participating and of the temporary executive committee. Prior to the first convention 48 posts were organized in South Dakota. The names of the first department officers elected and of the executive committee appear. This is followed by the bare statement of the holding of the second convention, with the names of officers chosen.

The story is now launched. Beginning with "The Organization of Sidney L. Smith Post," for which preliminary steps were taken in April, 1919, the story of the activities of the post is interestingly told, just enough being said to instruct the reader and hold his attention. The names of the charter members are given also, and the letter of appreciation by the family of Sidney L. Smith, for whom the post was named, and who was killed in action at Soissons, July 20, 1918.

Then follows a sketch of "Aberdeen During the War," six paragraphs, but one learns that the city oversubscribed the loans, participated in the various government agencies, and loyally supported the Red Cross, and "was in the fight from start to finish; backed up the boys in

every way possible; and the Legion is proud to feel that Aberdeen is still the same." The names of thirty-seven men of Aberdeen and near vicinity who gave their lives next appear, followed by an alphabetical list of Brown County dead, sixty-six in number, with date of death, residence and burial place where known. Five men are honored with extended obituaries.

Following the names of officers for 1920 comes "Post Activities, 1920," merely a summary of the special occasions, as the proceedings were prior to the term of office of the present historian. The following year is handled the same way, except that each event staged or taken part in by the post is given one or more paragraphs telling of reason for it, proceedings, and result. These accounts are such as would be recorded by a country paper telling of events of importance in a nearby town, just long enough to be informative.

Considerable space is devoted to the activities of the post in Americanism. One way to meet the emergency of counteracting disloyal propaganda was instituted by Aberdeen Post in establishing an employment bureau and helping ex-service men who were out of work; and this was done in a thorough, wholesale manner, carried on by funds contributed by the townspeople. How this was done is told with a few useful statistics.

Armistice Day, 1921, was observed at Aberdeen as a sort of combination Memorial Day and old-fashioned Fourth of July, with dances in the evening. In the story of the day the exercises, program, participants, parade, etc., are all mentioned, but this required but two foolscap pages of typed copy.

Our historian enters 1922 with another list of officers and committees, and tells of the activities of the various athletic meets, games, etc., giving names of those who took active or prominent part, to whom success was due. More space is devoted to the employment problem than to casual matters, and some concrete examples are given of what the aid extended by the post meant to some of the men.

Last, but not least, comes a brief sketch of the organization, officers, and membership of Aberdeen Voiture, whose history dates from December 19, 1921.

The whole report covers but 46 typed foolscap pages, many of which are but partly filled, yet it is evident that much labor was required to obtain the data, to arrange it, and finally to condense it to this space. Such a report in the hands of post members could not but make them realize the worthwhileness of the post and the value of the Legion to the community as well as to themselves. Printed, so that the townspeople might read what the post had accomplished and was doing, such a report is an asset to any post.

It is right here that post historians can do a great deal for their posts. The post should be advertised, not boastfully, but by its good works, and the historian is the man to record these good works and place them before the public as well as before the post membership. To accomplish this means self-sacrifice of a sort on the part of the historian—he must give his time, and often time is money, and he must labor, though there is no other remuneration than the consciousness that what he has accomplished is a patriotic duty as well done as he knew how. It is needless to add it is good policy on the part of posts to choose the right man for the position of historian, and where necessary to bring the right sort of pressure on the man who is qualified for the position to get him to take it. The position is as important and as dignified as any office in the gift of the members. If it can't be properly filled, it should be left vacant. The adjutant can perform the routine duties of collecting and preserving data, but some day an historian must be chosen, one qualified and willing, who will do as well by his subject as the historian of Aberdeen Post has done by his, and as many others have done.

EBEN PUTNAM.  
National Historian,  
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# Veteran Laws of Minnesota

## Adjusted Compensation

Provides for the creation of a Soldiers' Bonus Board. Appropriation of \$20,000,000 from which to pay compensation. Each soldier was paid \$15 per month for every month, or fraction thereof, of service between April 7, 1917 and July 31, 1920. Includes any person honorably discharged from the service of the United States during the war, except conscientious objectors and aliens who avoided service, or violators or evaders of the selective service act; includes student nurses and dietitians enlisted or inducted prior to November 11, 1918 and acquired active duty status on or after that date. No maximum limit of payment provided, but the law states that no one shall receive less than \$50.

## Memorials

Provides that the county boards of any county having taxable property of an assessed valuation of not less than \$300,000, and having therein a city of the first class, may appropriate a sum from the general revenue of not more than \$20,000 to defray part of the cost of erecting a suitable public Memorial within 400 feet of the county court house, provided that a similar amount shall be contributed by said city or by private donations or by both.

Another law provides that the council of any city of the third class in Minnesota may, with the approval of the majority of the voters, at a general or special election, adopt an ordinance for the erection and maintenance of a building or monument as a memorial in memory of War Veterans, and providing for the selling of bonds to pay the necessary cost.

An amendment to the statutes of 1913, permits counties of less than 20,000 population to appropriate not more than \$10,000 and counties of more than 20,000 and less than 100,000 population not more than \$20,000 for the erection of a memorial on the Court House Square or in a suitable public park at the county seat.

## War Memorial Commission

Empowers the Governor and makes it his duty to appoint a War Memorial Commission to consider ways and means of erecting a War Memorial, to secure submission of competitive designs, to select one design and report its findings to the legislature in January, 1923.

## Memorial Day Appropriations

Granting power to the several County Boards to appropriate annually not to exceed \$25 to each post of The American Legion organized and existing in their respective counties for defraying the expenses of Memorial Day exercises.

## Burial of Insane Soldiers

Provides for burial lot for insane soldiers, appropriating the sum of \$2,500 therefor, also provides for a Soldiers' Rest Plot in authorized cemeteries.

## State Tuition

Provides tuition in the University of Minnesota, State Normal Schools, and any college in the State of Minnesota which participated in the S. A. T. C. work, and other colleges and schools in the State where such persons who rendered certain service during the war operated. Provides that any male citizen who served honorably during the war or on the Mexican Border in 1916, and any man or woman regularly enlisted as a full time worker of the Red Cross, shall be entitled to tuition in the sum of not more than \$200 in any of the foregoing schools, and provides further for refund of tuition previously paid by such person. Providing further that where any such person was enrolled in any school

elsewhere in the United States prior to such service, he may return and resume his course of study and receive the benefits of this act at such institution.

## Armistice Day

Provides that November 11th shall be a Legal Holiday and that no public business shall be transacted on those days except in case of necessity, nor shall any civil process be served thereon.

## Retention in Employment

Saves to Municipal, County and State employes and officers who have been in the military service, their status as such employes and officers, and to continue their salaries during their absence in service.

## Use of Armories

Provides for use of armories for regular meetings of patriotic societies holding charters from Congress at such times and under such circumstances as will not interfere with the use of the Armory for military purposes.

## Soldier Preference

Provides that in every public department and upon all public works in the state and the counties, cities and towns thereof, honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who are citizens and residents of the State shall be entitled to preference in appointments, employment and promotion over other applicants therefor.

## Incorporation of Legion Posts

Provides that any American Legion Post may become incorporated, according to laws of the State, and when so incorporated shall have the power to acquire and receive in its corporate name, all purchases, gifts, grants or bequests and to have the power to hold, transfer, sell, mortgage, convey, loan, let or otherwise use such holdings, but not contrary to the laws of the society of which it is a part.

## Land Settlement

Provides for creation of a Colonization Commission and authorizes same to issue bonds for the improvement of state lands and provides that the commission may accept land contracts of soldiers, sailors and marines as proper security underlying such bond issue even though not more than ten percent of the purchase price of such land has been paid at that time, and providing further that not more than fifty percent of the security underlying such bond issue is made up of such land contracts.

## National Adjusted Compensation

The state legislature of 1921 adopted a resolution favoring the National Adjusted Compensation measure, endorsing the action of the House of Representatives of the United States in passing the bill in 1921 and urging the Senate to pass the bill.

## Quarters for Meetings

Provides that state or local officers shall whenever not inconsistent with the public interests set aside any portion of the old Capitol buildings or of any other public buildings for the use and occupation as quarters and places for holding their state's or special meetings or assemblies to all posts of any commandery, camp or association, local or state, of veterans of any war in which the United States has been engaged. Such quarters to be furnished and maintained at expense of the organizations aforesaid, provided, however, that if the buildings in which such quarters are assigned are heated and lighted at the public expense, said quarters shall be so lighted and heated without cost to said organizations.

## Protection of Legion Insignia

Provides for punishment by fine and imprisonment of any person wearing the American Legion insignia or using it to obtain aid, or who shall use the name of the organization for gain, unless so entitled.

## Burial of Soldiers and Sailors

Provides that each county board shall cause to be decently buried at a cost to the State of not more than \$100, the body of any soldier, sailor or marine who served the United States as such in the . . . recent war with the German Empire and its Allies . . . and who dies within the county or is brought thereto for interment, and has not left sufficient means to defray the expenses of suitable burial. Such burial shall not be made in any place used exclusively for the burial of the pauper dead, and the relatives or comrades of the deceased, if they so desire, shall be permitted to conduct the burial service.

## Peddlers' Licenses

No license fee or other charge shall be required of any honorably discharged veteran for the privilege of hawking or peddling goods and merchandise, not prohibited by law or ordinance, solely on his account.

## Soldiers' Relief Fund

Providing for addition to state tax levy, annually, one-tenth of a mill on each dollar of assessed value of taxable property the proceeds whereof shall constitute a soldiers' relief fund to be administered by a state Board provided therefor.

## Grave Headstones

Provides that a headstone shall be placed at the grave of every veteran, bearing his name, and, if ascertainable, the date of birth and death and designation of the organization to which he belonged and which he served. The cost of such headstone shall not exceed fifteen dollars.

County Commissioners shall on petition of any five reputable freeholders of any township or municipality in their county, procure for and furnish to said petitioners some suitable metal socket for the grave of each and every soldier, sailor or marine buried within the limits of said township or municipality to be placed on the graves for the purpose of permanently marking said grave for memorial purposes.

## Appropriations

For Soldiers' Home, \$204,500; for defraying expense of burial of soldiers, and sailors, and for grave markers, \$12,500; for the erection of a memorial monument in Lakewood Cemetery in Minneapolis, \$5,000; for maintenance Minnesota Historical Society, \$22,000; for contingent fund, Minnesota Historical Society, \$18,000; for improvement of one acre at Wood Lake under supervision Minnesota Historical Society, \$500; for Minnesota War Records Commission, \$10,000; Aero Field, \$47,500.

## Recording of Discharges

Provides that the Registrar of Deeds in the several counties shall record veterans' discharge certificates on payment of a fee of fifty cents.

## Admission to State Soldiers' Home

Provides for admission of veterans who have been residents of State for one year next preceding date of application, unless he served in a Minnesota regiment or was credited to that State, provided he is without adequate means of support and is unable by reason of infirmity to properly maintain himself. Also provides for admission of wives with their husbands, widows and mothers of those who are, or if living, would be, eligible to admission, and is unable to support herself and has no other adequate means of support.



# YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINES AT LOWEST PRICES IN YEARS

Can now be ordered through your Legion Post or Auxiliary Unit from The Legion Subscription Service

*A Service to you—A money maker for your Post or Unit*

THE Legion Subscription Service offers the members of The American Legion and the Auxiliary an opportunity to order their magazines for the coming season at the lowest publishers' prices. The Special Unit combinations are offered at unheard of low prices. You cannot afford to let this money-saving chance slip by. There are many advantages in ordering all your magazines through one reliable source. You not only save money, but also the trouble and expense of dealing with each publisher direct. And should you change your address or need to write with reference to any magazine—merely address one letter to The Legion Subscription Service, and we will attend to all details with each publisher for you.

Send any and all orders for magazine subscriptions to The Legion Subscription Service through your own Legion Post or Auxiliary Unit. The usual agent's commission on all such subscription orders is allowed to the Post. These commissions in most cases are very generous, and your Post or Auxiliary Unit can become financially independent, if each and every member lend their hearty support to The Legion Subscription Service. To enable you to order three or more publications and to estimate the cost of each "Club"

so as to secure full benefit of the low clubbing prices, we have listed together with the name of each magazine, its clubbing number.

To make up your own combinations of magazines, you add together the club numbers and the total multiplied by five gives you the amount in cents that you remit to us.

For example:

Club No.	Magazine	Price
50	Our World	\$3.00
50	Ace High Magazine	3.00
50	McClure's Magazine	3.00

150 x 5 = 750 cents or \$7.50 instead of \$9.00

Clubs may go to different addresses (unless starred) enabling you to use magazines as gifts and take advantage of the club saving.

All prices are for one year unless otherwise stated.

Club No.	Magazine	Issued	Price	Club No.	Magazine	Issued	Price
50	Ace-High Magazine	S-M	\$3.00	37	Film Fun	M	\$2.00
120	Adventure	Tri-M	6.00	70	Forbes Magazine	S-M	4.00
60	Aerial Age	M	3.00	60	Forest and Stream	M	3.00
40	Ainslee's Magazine	M	2.00	70	Forum	M	4.00
17	American Agriculturist	W	1.00	60	Good Housekeeping	M	3.00
30	(2 years)	W	1.50	90	(2 years)	M	4.50
40	American Boy	M	2.00	80	Harper's Bazar	M	4.00
70	(2 years)	M	3.50	120	(2 years)	M	6.00
80	American City	M	3.00	80	Harper's Magazine	M	4.00
90	American Gopher	B-W	5.00	120	(2 years)	M	6.00
50	American Legion Weekly	W	2.00	50	Health Builder	M	3.00
50	American Magazine	M	2.50	100	(2 years)	M	5.00
80	(2 years)	M	4.00	60	Hearst's International	M	3.00
15	American Poultry Journal	M	.75	90	(2 years)	M	4.50
55	Arms and The Man	S-M	3.00	55	House Beautiful	M	3.00
50	Army and Navy Magazine	M	3.00	55	Illustrated World	M	3.00
50	Army and Navy Register	W	4.00	100	(2 years)	M	5.00
100	Architecture	M	5.00	50	Independent	Fort	3.00
60	Asia	M	3.50	100	(2 years)	W	5.00
100	(2 years)	M	5.00	90	International Interpreter	W	6.00
40	Association Men	M	2.00	110	International Studio	M	6.00
80	Atlantic Monthly	M	4.00	70	John Martin's Book	M	4.00
70	Aviation	W	4.00	35	Kindergarten and First Grade	to Nos.	2.00
35	Baseball Magazine	M	2.00	100	Life	W	5.00
60	(2 years)	M	3.00	75	Literary Review	W	2.50
55	Beautiful Womanhood	M	3.00	35	Little Folks	M	2.00
50	Beauty	M	2.50	95	(2 years)	M	3.00
50	Billboard	W	3.00	60	Living Age	W	5.00
70	Bookman	M	4.00	75	Marine Journal	W	4.00
35	Boy's Life (Boy Scouts Magazine)	M	2.00	20	McCall's Magazine	M	1.00
17	Boys' Magazine	M	1.00	50	(2 years)	M	1.50
90	Century Magazine	M	5.00	50	McClure's Magazine	M	3.00
180	(2 years)	M	9.00	100	(2 years)	M	5.00
50	Child Life	M	3.00	70	Mentor	M	4.00
40	Christian Endeavor World	W	2.00	140	(2 years)	M	7.00
30	Christian Herald	W	2.00	45	Metropolitan Magazine	M	3.00
60	(2 years)	W	3.00	95	Mid-week Pictorial	W	5.00
80	Churchman	W	4.00	90	Midnight	W	5.00
50	Classic	M	2.50	37	Modern Priscilla	M	2.00
40	Collier's, The National Weekly	W	2.50	60	(2 years)	M	3.00
80	(2 years)	W	4.00	5	Mother's Magazine	M	.25
60	Cosmopolitan Magazine	W	3.00	50	Motion Picture Magazine	M	2.50
90	(2 years)	M	4.50	50	Motor	S-M	2.00
60	Country Life	M	5.00	40	Motor Boat	M	3.00
160	(2 years)	M	8.00	60	Motor Boating	M	3.00
55	Current History Magazine	M	3.00	90	Movie Weekly	W	5.00
70	Current Opinion	M	4.00	60	Munsey's Magazine	M	3.00
140	(2 years)	M	7.00	90	Nation	W	5.00
60	Delineator	M	2.00	60	Nation's Business	M	3.00
60	(2 years)	M	3.00	70	National Geographic Magazine	M	3.50
22	Designer	M	1.50	17	National Sportsman	M	1.00
45	(2 years)	M	2.25	100	New Republic	W	5.00
90	Dial	M	5.00	20	New York Times Book Review	W	1.00
60	Educational Review	to Nos.	3.00	38	Normal Instructor—Primary Plans	to Nos.	2.00
35	Etude	M	2.00	80	North American Review	M	4.00
70	(2 years)	M	3.50	17	Ohio Farmer	W	1.00
40	Everybody's Magazine	M	2.50	80	Open Road	M	2.50
25	Every Child's Magazine	M	1.50	80	(2 years)	M	4.00
50	(2 years)	M	2.50	80	Our Navy	S-M	4.50
60	Extension Magazine	M	3.00	50	Our World	M	3.00
50	Factory	M	3.00	37	Outdoor Life	M	2.00
7	Farm and Fireside	M	.50	45	Outer's Recreation	M	2.50
45	Field and Stream	M	2.50	100	Outing Magazine	M	3.00
80	(2 years)	M	4.00	100	Outlook	W	5.00

These Special "Units" at reduced prices show a substantial saving over the ordinary club prices quoted above:

American Magazine	Both For
Woman's Home Companion	\$3.25
(Must go to one address)	Value \$4.00
Beauty	Both For
Shadowland	\$4.50
	Value \$6.00
Century	Both For
St. Nicholas	\$6.50
(Must go to one address)	Value \$9.00
Classic	Both For
Motion Picture	\$3.90
	Value \$5.00

Independent (26 issues)	Both For
Review of Reviews	\$5.50
	Value \$7.00
Illustrated World	Both For
Baseball Magazine	\$4.00
	Value \$5.00
McCall's	All For
Modern Priscilla	\$3.60
Pictorial Review	Value \$4.50
Judge (52 issues)	Both For
Film Fun	\$5.50
(Must go to one address)	Value \$7.00

McClure's	Both For
People's Home Journal	\$3.50
	Value \$4.25
Cosmopolitan	Both For
Good Housekeeping	\$5.25
(Must go to one address)	Value \$6.00
Hearst's International	Both For
Harper's Bazar	\$5.75
(Must go to one address)	Value \$7.00
Physical Culture	Both For
True Story	\$4.65
	Value \$6.00
World's Work	Both For
Scribner's	\$6.00
	Value \$8.00
Youth's Companion	Both For
Christian Herald	\$4.25
Today's Housewife	All For
	Value \$5.50

Just list the magazines you wish and send with your full name and address together with check or money order to your Legion Post or Auxiliary Unit.

**The Legion Subscription Service**

627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Owned and Operated by The American Legion



## These Workers Win! Their Checks for Christmas Are in the Mails

Luck had nothing to do with the winning of these three prizes in the Newsstand Contest. The statements printed below prove that a wide awake membership and a wide awake public are backing The Weekly towards its goal of 2,000,000 circulation. Get in the swim now. Join the thousands who are putting The Weekly at the top. Here are three models for you to use with your dealers and your non-member friends.

**\$25.00** To Mrs. Helen M. Wilcox, Joplin, Missouri.

Mrs. Wilcox did not stop when she saw all of her newsdealers. She went after the distributors. As a result of her activities, she arranged for Mr. S. J. Adams to have The American Legion Weekly on every newsstand in Joplin. She then got busy at Carthage and found another firm to put The Weekly out on every newsstand. She talked to the members of The Auxiliary, she told business men and women to buy and read it and brought numbers of new members into The American Legion by doing so. This was her winning statement and she backed it up.

*"I have personally made arrangements for the distribution of The Weekly to every newsstand in the County and have already talked to men and women who are going to buy it. All I ask of you is to put the magazine in the most conspicuous place you can and you will sell it to numbers that I have not seen. As long as you keep The Weekly out front you will get the full support of Legionnaires and members of the Auxiliary in this community."*

**\$15.00** To Charles R. Sharpe, Portage, Wisconsin.

Mr. Sharpe gave his newsdealer an argument and a reason that proved why each and every one of us should keep after our newsdealers. It was practical and showed why The Weekly should be out front on every newsstand. Try his statement out on your dealer and see how it works. This was his statement to Mr. Frank Heidt, a newsdealer who is now handling The Weekly.

*"Say, Frank, there are 300 ex-soldiers here and they all take The American Legion Weekly. Now every one of these 300 are boosters and there are hundreds that will read this magazine. I have had several fellows ask where to get it and I gave them the New York address, but you know how much more convenient it would be for them to have a dealer right here in their own home town. So get it and put it right out in front and watch results. We will all plug for you, because it means more members and more interest in the Legion, and interest in the Legion is interest in everything that is 100% American."*

**\$10.00** To Miss Margaret Brent Atkins, Georgetown, Ky.

Miss Atkins called on Mr. D. R. Henderson, a druggist and newsdealer in Georgetown, and in less than 125 words told him why every American should read The American Legion Weekly. Her statement was so good that we are using it in our subscription campaign for it is a good argument why every one in your community should subscribe for or buy The Weekly at their newsdealers. This was her winning statement:

*"The American Legion Weekly is not out front! Why not? It stands for what the best people are working for. It should be in every home. We owe loyalty to our service men for what they have done and for what they are doing. Tell your customers to see what they are doing for their comrades and their dependents; for education of native and foreign born; for Americanization; for Boy Scout training in health, manhood, service; for law and order against destructive forces, secret and open; for exposure and punishment of profiteers and slackers; for limitation of immigration; for even handed justice; for honest business. Think what these things mean to the present and future! Put The American Legion Weekly out front and keep it there!"*

Keep after your newsdealer and your non-member friends. More readers of The Weekly mean more members and more Legion friends. Send us your statements to your newsdealers and we will pay you one dollar each for all we use.

**We are after that 2,000,000 circulation  
Are you with us?**

**The American Legion Weekly**  
627 West 43d Street New York

## Getting a Town What It Wanted

KEARNY, N. J., was another of those towns.

At one time everyone was talking war memorial. There was a hospital faction, an arch party, a community house wing and a monument bloc. Among them they represented two sets of irresistible forces and immovable objects quadrilling into point of common annihilation. No one group would give in to the other.

Thus, one week of a referendum saw the archway winner. Instead of a recount, another week of voting was demanded. The hospitalists took the lead. Then the town council suggested that both archway and hospital be built—and three years later, although members of the opposing forces still passed each other with stony glances, Kearny had neither.

Frobisher Post of Kearny had undertaken to gather a complete service record for the New Jersey State Historical Bureau of the sixty Kearny men who died in the war. In the course of that task it was developed that sentiment among gold star families was almost unanimously in favor of a monument.

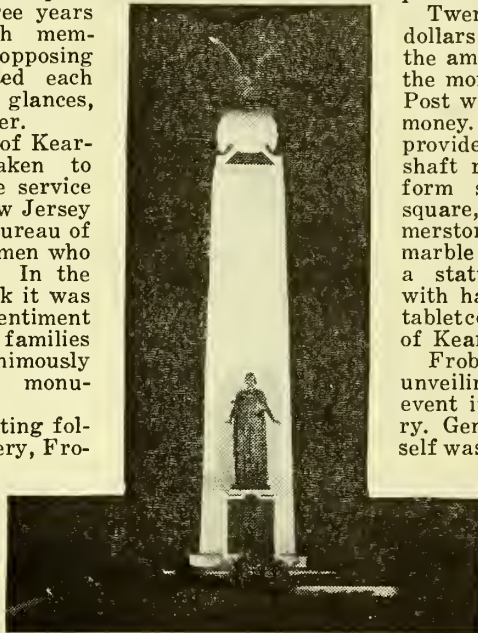
At its next meeting following this discovery, Frobisher Post voted to take the initiative on the memorial to Kearny's soldier dead, and to have that memorial in the form of a monument and park. The mayor and council were glad to see action at last. A commit-

tee with large Legion representation was organized and a triangular plot in the middle of the city bought. The owner had asked \$10,000, the post offered half that much—and the Council rushed that much into the post's empty treasury. It was accepted twice in quick succession.

It wasn't a tidy plot the \$5,000 bought. The land was covered with weeds and underbrush and in it were enrooted some two-score rotting trees. Frobisher Post policed up the plot. They first cut down and then cut up the trees, selling the logs to the board of education. Later they made a real park of the leveled land.

Twenty-five thousand dollars had been fixed as the amount to be spent on the monument. Frobisher Post went out and got the money. The design chosen provided a thirty-foot shaft rising from a platform seventeen feet square, the whole of Dummerston white Vermont marble and surmounted by a statue of Benediction with hands lifted above a tablet containing the names of Kearny's hero dead.

Frobisher Post made the unveiling the greatest event in the town's history. General Pershing himself was the guest of honor and unveiled the shaft, and other notable guests included Past National Commander Henry D. Lindsley, Brig. Gen. William Weigel, United States Senator Frelinghuysen and Governor Edwards, senator elect.



This monument to the World War dead of Kearny, N. J., might never have been erected if Frobisher Post had not gone out to find what the town wanted and had not then seen that the town got it

## Is the Uniform Out of Style?

(Continued from page 6)

adequately paid. Armies cost money, and plenty of it. Army officers who now have the pleasure of paying income taxes realize full well the cost of government. Were it not for the expenditure involved there can be little doubt but that the wishes of the War Department as to the proper defense of the country would be heeded by all but the smallest percentage of our national Solons. The question must be studied from both sides the better to show the absolute necessity for obtaining the appropriations considered needful. It cannot be done by sighing that "the war is over, our Army is forgotten."

There are sincere "reformers" who hold their own ideas about the necessity for the maintenance of armed forces. The army man believes the Regular establishment a vital necessity for the country. The reformers do not. Certainly both parties are entitled to their opinions on the matter. But if from time to time the "turn the other cheek" agitator breaks into print it is

no indication that "all the world's against the Army".

There are demagogues, of course, in civil and in public life who bitterly hate the service and the uniform which is its physical typification. The anti-army sensationalist breaks into newspaper headlines with far greater frequency than does the quiet but sincere supporter of the Army and its policies. The army man too often reads the press reports of the vitriolic attacks hurled now and then at the permanent forces and too seldom turns to the editorial pages to see what the opinion of the really influential men of the nation is on the subject of national defense.

The claim is made that the Army is the butt of too many cheap stage jokes. If the Army as a profession takes such little gibes seriously, what must be the heartburnings of the lawyer, the landlord, or the Congressman who dares enter the portals of one of our vaudeville houses?

The army officer as a whole is self-



conscious to an extreme when in uniform among civilians. People do look at him—of that there can be no question. But each glance cast his way does not carry with it hatred or condemnation.

An infantry officer was on National Guard duty in a southwestern city. He was wont to complain bitterly that he could not walk down the streets without "having everyone within a block turn to look at him." The fact that many of the passers-by were ex-service men who naturally had an interest in an officer who might have served in their war-time outfits did not appease his wrath. Two men who had been members of his organization in Siberia made his acquaintance only after much craning of their necks in a cafeteria to get a look at the regimental number on his crossed rifles. They were all right, he granted, but "why do all the others have to look at me all the time?"

With rapture he greeted the order restoring the privilege of wearing civilian clothes. Sunday morning he floated gayly down to the leading hotel in his civvies. Seated comfortably on the balcony, he prepared to pass a care-free hour watching the crowd in the main lobby below. An officer loaded with hand luggage entered the door. "Wonder who that is?" mused our soldier-civilian, at the same time rising and leaning over the balcony railing. So intent was his glance at the officer below that the latter looked up rather startled. The bell-hop took his suitcase and the new arrival followed him to the desk. His mental expression was probably: "Wish these birds here wouldn't give me so strenuous a once-over." Our balcony hero returned to his seat to glory in his freedom.

The out-of-the-ordinary will always attract attention. A Chicago policeman in San Antonio, Texas, if in uniform would most surely be the cynosure of all eyes—including those of every army man on Houston Street. A New York City white-wing might create a riot if he stepped off a train in some Idaho village in his work attire. But the villagers would merely want to look at him, not shrivel him.

To some service men one undoubted proof of the unpopularity of the uniform lies in the fact that soldiers are frequently overcharged in stores both in the country districts and the cities. The military man has a world-wide reputation for being free with his money. Early arrivals in France for say that there was no "special price for Americans" there until the thrifty

Gascon storekeeper had witnessed many pay-day demonstrations of the millionaire American trooper lighting his cigarette with a fifty-franc note or donating paper bills with carefree abandon to little French urchins. As Private Jones doesn't lose many opportunities to grab off an extra pair of socks from the unsuspecting supply sergeant, so his civilian friends do not neglect to extract an extra dime here and there from his pocket. From the protest raised by the Elks, or the Shriners, or college fraternity delegates in convention cities on overcharging in stores and hotels, to judge from the same line of reasoning, there are other uniforms as unpopular as O. D.

One of the greatest of American fraternal bodies has as members a large percentage of army officers. The investigating committee which delves into the qualifications of applicants for admission to the order is wont to state to the army man, "We guess the uniform you wear is sufficient proof of your suitability for membership." And this holds, be the applicant colonel or sergeant, captain or private. In the meanwhile the governor of the State, the local bank president, or the editor of the town paper has to submit to the entire investigation.

The barber in some out-of-the-way town wants to tell the visiting lieutenant all about the outfit he served with in France. The commissioned officer may be weary of such tales, but they are told in the best of spirit. "He never talks about the war unless someone in uniform comes along," the shop proprietor states.

The excited colored lady whose horse has just placed on the Bowie track in Maryland weeps tears of joy as she asks the army sergeant to go and cash her precious two-dollar check. "Ah kin always trust de man what wears a uniform." The friendly good-morning of the otherwise grim visaged patrolman, and the "nice day, major" of the heavily laden postman are the salutations of one service man to another.

Is the uniform unpopular? The army man who has in his heart misgivings as to his calling or whose mental make-up is such that he fears the conspicuousness of the army attire—to him the uniform may seem to lack the esteem of his fellow countrymen. But by the soldier who is sincerely proud of his chosen profession, which through the years of our country's life has produced more than its full share of the nation's most honored figures, the question is never considered.

## Mess Call

Corned willy's not so bad. It does go down  
When some real cook gets at it and takes pains  
To cover it with cabbages and spuds,  
Or Belgian roses; but the goldfish can!  
Even to see one makes me feel the way  
I used to feel between decks in a storm.  
It never used to taste that way at home.  
I'll tell you what's the best—pass up the mess,  
And slip with Short and me to Mère Jalon's,  
And take along some eggs and confiture.  
She'll have a yard of crusty bread, and cheese,  
And little tarts; she'll make an omelet  
That's like a golden dream of eats come true.  
And all she asks is just three francs a throw,  
And let her talk about her boy that died  
Up at Verdun before we Yanks came in,—  
And p'raps a kiss as you go out the door.

—By H. I. Gilchrist.



## Can You Refuse?

EVERYWHERE you see the ravages of Consumption. There were 1,000,000 cases and 100,000 deaths from this scourge last year. But if all that see these words will help,

*It can be stamped out*

Buy the Tuberculosis Christmas Seals where you see them sold. (A picture of one is below.) The revenue from these sales is devoted to a great organized campaign against Tuberculosis. This campaign gives the service of doctors and nurses to millions of the stricken. It organizes local associations. It carries on educational work in schools and offices and factories.

You cannot help in a nobler work. Join it. Buy the seals.



Stamp out  
Tuberculosis with  
Christmas Seals

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND  
LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCI-  
ATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES



# The Memoirs of a Conscientious Shavetail

(Continued from page 9)

whole platoons giving their own commands in full throated unison, unheard of gyrations which made the old I. D. R. read like Phœnician history.

Our platoon jogs by at the double, reverses itself, untangles someway, and suddenly comes to a pretty halt and stands motionless at attention.

"Rest. Ten minutes from now form here with shovels, last man carries three. Inspection, arms. Dismissed."

The sun was trying to burn a bright spot into the leaden sky, but December in France doesn't allow such frivolity, and soon a thin, miserable rain drifted down the parade. The platoons formed again, counted, rested and stood. The third platoon was mostly old timers, and their disgust at this gay student's life showed in their weather-beaten faces. The long black moustaches of the two old guides dripped disconsolately from under their tin hats. The company commander strolled down the platoon front.

"The French officers," he announced, "outlining this morning's trench work won't be here for ten minutes. Hold your men here and give them a talk on some useful subject."

The platoon's remarks on this—it stood at rest—were definite but mostly not to be repeated.

"Who in hell are we digging this hellish trench system for, anyway? The General Staff School, a lot of fat little colonels, are going to play war games in 'em. Why don't we stand inside—freeze us to death. I'm going

to get busted back to my outfit, I tell you—just damned cussedness—wasn't that slum rotten this mornin'? This morning? Why pick out *this* morning? Why don't we chop wood? I shivered myself to sleep last night—Lord, what a country—here come the Frogs!"

"Listen, men," the platoon leader winds up his prescribed lecture, "you don't like this, none of us like it, but let's show the world they can't give us enough ugly jobs to lick us. I know about the wood and the food—it's rotten, but it can't be worse, so it'll have to be better. One thing the K. O. rode me for last night—the saluting of this platoon. I told him you were the best in the school—he said you were superlative all right, but the other way. Let's make him say when we salute him, 'That must be a third platoon man.' Give it to 'em so hard they'll have to hand back a good one. Knock their eye out with it. Some of these old brass hats in Langres haven't lifted their hands above their belt for years. Snap 'em a salute that'll make 'em think they're back at the Point. You'll be doing the whole Army a favor. Make 'em like it. Make 'em say—'Ah, that damned Third Platoon again.'"

Horizon blue groups began to appear around the corner of the headquarters building. A thousand men came to attention, a thousand French shovels and picks swung up on as many good American shoulders, clanking against the steel helmets. The leading platoon swung out onto the road to the tune

of "Madelon," swishing slickers and two thousand hobnailed boots slushing in the French weather.

Strangely enough these men—mostly from Regular units, with a few National Guardsmen and some odd Marines—felt a little perturbed over having left their outfits in the line—afraid that the thing might be over before they got back, afraid that their outfit was having adventures they should be sharing, not even sure they wanted these commissions they were working so hard for. But they were cheerful and willing, despite their remarks all of them—ready to fight the man who said their platoon wasn't the best in France. Real men, who took this as a sort of bad medicine, part of their duty to their country to be done as best they could.

The "Madelon" died down and the men trudged along in silence. The tall Georgian, the platoon joker, got into action—it was a bad morning with a nasty day's floundering in the mud just ahead.

"Where do these instructors get all this pep? Cognac?" he asked the world.

"Naw," came the scornful answer from the next platoon. "They don't have to dig." The whole platoon laughed joyfully over that, and the rest of the march was a noisy and happy parade with a grin on every face.

"Unbeatable, these devils," thought the platoon leader. "Poor old Germany."

(To be concluded)

## Pool Tables and Easy Chairs

(Continued from page 11)

don't know. But at this point the small boy returned to inform me that Dr. Boddy was waiting in his office to see me, and I was torn away.

As I shook hands with Dr. Boddy I glimpsed a familiar blue and gold button on his left lapel. And later I learned that he is a member of Memorial Post of Rochester, New York, and saw service overseas in the Fifth Field Artillery. If the general atmosphere of the lounge room had been reassuring, what Dr. Boddy told me of the work which the Legion and the Auxiliary have done was really inspiring.

The furnishing of the lounge room is in itself a worthy accomplishment. Not the least significant thing which can be said about it is that the five thousand dollars for meeting the expense, was raised by a per capita tax of ten cents, levied on every Legion member in Pennsylvania. The comfortable chairs, the rugs, the player-piano, the lighting fixtures, the moving-picture machine, the folding chairs for movie nights—everything, down to the smallest detail, such as a log hook for the fireplace, is representative of the goodwill of Legionnaires all over the State.

But from Dr. Boddy I learned that the furnishing of the lounge room has been only a part of the substantial support he has received from the Legion in his efforts to make life as agreeable as possible for his patients. The men are not up there for excitement. Few of

them are well enough to leave the hospital grounds, anyway. They are there to win back health by plenty of rest, good food and good air. But for the average human being, unbroken routine becomes monotonous under any conditions.

By breaking up this monotony, by injecting a little festivity into the unbroken stillness that usually pervades the surrounding woods, The American Legion posts and Auxiliary units in the vicinity have given most valuable help. The Sunday before my visit the Auxiliary unit from Waynesboro had brightened up the afternoon by giving the men a combined lawn party and tea. Hardly a week has passed since the hospital was opened in November, 1921, when a Legion post from somewhere hasn't put on a vaudeville skit, supplied a band concert or entertained in some acceptable manner. The men were looking forward to a band concert which York Post had promised for the following Sunday. They knew it would be good—the band had been there before.

Practically all of the posts and Auxiliary units in the locality have done their bit in showing the disabled veterans that the bond which holds the Legion together is made of something more than good intentions. Yes, and across the State border, the bunch in Hagerstown, Maryland, has shown that a buddy is a buddy wherever he is found, from the Legion standpoint.

The hospital has come to rely on the Legion for help in a good many ways. When a patient gets to feeling blue and friendless his name is forwarded to the Auxiliary. And in a few days that man gets a box which, strangely enough, has everything in it that he wanted and a lot more things besides which he probably wanted without even knowing it himself. Once the Auxiliary gets hold of the name of one of these buddies it's likely to hang on to it—and him, too.

The day of my visit the pool shooters reported that chalk was running low and there wasn't any sandpaper around for smoothing down new tips. Well, it is just this sort of thing which the hospital can count on getting from the Legion. The State might furnish it, but the Legion likes to furnish it and the boys like to have the Legion furnish it.

Last winter the mother of a boy whose home was in Pittsburgh sent cut flowers regularly. But with the approach of summer she knew that if he should still be there he would much prefer flowers freshly picked from a nearby bed, and it occurred to her that some of the other boys might, too. So she got in touch with an Auxiliary unit in Pittsburgh. As a result, plants for two large beds of geraniums were supplied. The Pittsburgh boy has been gone from the hospital for several months. But the flower beds remain to beautify the grounds and to supply cut flowers for the boys of other mothers.





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**The American Legion Weekly**  
627 West 43d Street, New York



**DOWNTOWN BUSINESS MEN'S POST, PITTSBURGH, PA.** Combining pleasure with service to the community, the post staged a Wild West dance and masque ball, the entire proceeds from which were donated to the Home Service Section of the local Red Cross Chapter.

**HIGHLAND PARK (N. J.) POST** and **BYRON PENNINGTON CROKER POST OF WILDWOOD, N. J.** The former post won the silver cup offered by department headquarters for having the greatest increase in membership in 1922 over 1921 of any post in the department. The latter post received a cup for signing up the greatest number of members between July 15th and August 15th, the period of the department membership contest.

**AUXILIARY UNIT OF MELVIN DEESE POST, MONROE, N. C.** Meeting an urgent need of the Ellen Fitzgerald Hospital, the unit presented a two hundred dollar gas, oxygen and ether tank for its use. In addition, a piano, phonograph and records have been sent to the unit's adopted ward of disabled soldiers at Oteen Hospital, and each man in the ward is remembered on his birthday with a box of food and other presents.

**DEPARTMENT OF MINNESOTA, AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY.** Through the activities of units in Minnesota, seven thousand dollars has been turned over to disabled service men in that State. Almost seven hundred thousand poppies made by the men were sold by the Auxiliary in its 1922 poppy campaign. In addition to this, \$4,821.34 was contributed during the year to the Helen Hughes Hielscher Fund for Sick and Disabled by the Minnesota units.

**S. RANKIN DREW POST, NEW YORK CITY.** More than ten thousand dollars was realized in an aviation meet staged by the post for the benefit of the widow and four children of Belvin W. Maynard, the flying parson, who was killed in an airplane accident at Rutland, Vermont, in September. The post had the co-operation of the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation and the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce.

**RACINE POST DRUM CORPS, RACINE, WISCONSIN.** After pulling down first prize at the New Orleans Convention and the designation as Official National Drum Corps of the Legion for 1923, these boys are still on the job. Armistice Day found them featured at the Legion-Columbus football game in their

home town in the afternoon, and that same night they were a leading feature of the Legion Armistice Ball in Milwaukee.

**RYAN-SCAMMON POST, BERLIN, N. H.,** and **GEORGE A. PHILBRICK POST, NORTH WEARE, N. H.** Winners of silver loving cups awarded by the Department Headquarters for the best turnouts of post members at the department convention of 1922.

**HAVANA POST, HAVANA, CUBA.** A royal welcome and splendid entertainment was provided by Havana Post to several score Legionnaires who toured several Latin American countries, the Canal Zone and Cuba immediately following the Fourth National Convention in New Orleans. Morro Castle, Cabanas fortress and other interesting places were visited under guidance of Legionnaires, Legion headquarters was thrown open to the tourists, typical Havana refreshments provided, and the city was especially decorated for the occasion.

**TAMPICO POST, TAMPICO, MEXICO.** Realizing the need for an enclosed playground at the American School in Tampico, the post spent \$400 to clear, grade and fence a plot owned by the school association. The work was accomplished within a week after the association gratefully accepted the post's offer of assistance.

**NORFOLK POST, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.** Besides having the largest membership of any post in Virginia, Norfolk Post boasts of three national prize-winners on their rolls: Charles McDermott, heavy-weight boxing; F. H. Byrd, individual point trophy in track meet, and J. Mason Hodges, who won one of the prizes in the Weekly's national membership contest.

**EVERY LEGIONNAIRE WHO HAS PAID HIS 1923 DUES.**

## Outfit Reunions and Notices

*CONTRIBUTIONS for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.*

**303D, 304TH AND 305TH CAVALRY.**—Former members of these outfits, later transferred to the 43d, 44th and 45th Field Artillery, stationed at Camp Stanley, Tex., interested in holding a reunion, address George A. Derby, 953 West 77th St., Chicago, Ill.

**NAVY BASE HOSPITAL No. 5.**—Reunion of former members in Philadelphia in February. For particulars address Guy C. Quick, 6200 Kingsessing Av., Philadelphia, Pa.





# Buddy's Page



My Objective -  
"A magazine  
you'll be proud of."

## Our Advertising Platform

It's been a long, long time since our Advertising Platform appeared in our columns. It was away back in the issue of February 6, 1920. Here it is again.

We will not accept:

1. Misleading or fraudulent advertising.
2. Advertising of "free" offers, unless the article or service is free; advertising making claims that are false, ambiguous, or exaggerated.
3. Advertising which guarantees large dividends or excessive profits.
4. Advertising that is offensive to moral standards or sentiments.
5. Objectionable medical advertising, of such a nature that it makes claims not in accordance with facts or experience.
6. Advertising of products which contain drugs of a habit-forming nature—dangerous to health.
7. Advertising which might cause money loss to our readers or loss of confidence in our advertising columns.

A pretty stiff set of General Orders, you say.  
Right-o—  
And they are intentionally so—for your protection.  
You will be interested to know that we've refused thousands of dollars' worth of advertising that didn't measure up to these standards.  
But it's the right policy. And we mean to keep to it in the future.  
We don't intend that any American Legion or Auxiliary member, or any reader of the Weekly, shall ever suffer any financial loss in dealing with our advertisers.  
We'll see that you are satisfied.  
Yours for clean advertising—first—last—and all the time.

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